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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

# The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 410.—Vol. XXXII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 11, 1911 [With Supplements, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

## MAIDS OF THE MIDDLE EAST

Two medalled beauties of Beirut, whereabout the Italian and the Turkish fleets do, at the moment, pursue each other

# Bystander Comments

ON VARIOUS TOPICS OF THE WEEK

**The Old Songs**

ON Saturday, at Haddington, Mr. Balfour gave another touching recital of the political songs that mother used to sing. That is, he once again bade us all to be very indignant about Home Rule, and Disestablishment, and the Veto, and, if we had any emotion to spare, to be philosophically enthusiastic (in a limited degree) about some sort of Tariff, that is to say—er—Fiscal Reform. I hope Unionists are satisfied. The only alternative to listening to Mr. Balfour sing the old songs is to dance with his head on a charger in company with Lord Salome de Broke. It is a very hard choice, and one is glad that there is some Italian opera going on abroad to divert one's attention.

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**Tedious Opera**

BUT it is not very good opera—this *Tripoli*. The "waits" are prodigious, the scenes few and far between, and the thread of the themes is difficult to catch. Nobody seems to know why it was composed—perhaps not even the composer, Signor di San Giuliano himself. Perhaps, however, the plot will soon unfold itself, and among the principal characters will be found no other a person than John Bull.

***

**What of Egypt?**

THERE are rumours about that the next dramatic incident will be the annexation of Egypt to England. Those of us who wondered and grumbled at Kitchener's appointment to Egypt, and were mystified by the elaborate unostentation of his departure, may, before the week is out, see our national hero in the very forefront of the world's stage—Lord Protector of Egypt, with the Khedive a vassal, not of Mohammed V., but of George V. What, furthermore, of a State visit, *en route* for the Durbar, to Cairo?

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**Italy's Conduct Explained**

TALKING of the Marquis di San Giuliano, I have over the week-end received an authentic account of the real cause of his present action. At a reception, held while he was Ambassador in London, a lady said to him, "And, Marquis, when will Italy leave the Triple Alliance?" "Would *you*, Madame," said the gallant diplomat, "wish us to leave it?" "Why, of course, Marquis," said the lady. "Then it shall be done," was the smiling reply. "*La femme le veut.*" And so, apparently, it is to be.

***

**The Terrible Censorship**

LORD HALSBURY called the South African campaign a "sort of a war." I wonder what he thinks of the Italo-Turkish (or is it Turco-Italian?). A sort of a sort of a state of war, I suppose. Not that the Italians have done less, in a week, than they could have done, or than anyone else would have done, seeing that, navally speaking, they have hardly anything to fight. The trouble is the Censor. A Censorship so rigid that not even a Barzini or a Scarfoglio is able to thrill his own countrymen is, indeed, a Censorship. Italy has had to content herself with the news of the bombardment written brilliantly twenty-two hours away from, and two and a half hours before, the event by a Member of Parliament. His name is Guiffrida, not, as has been alleged, Allessandro Uri.

THE TURCO-ITALIAN WAR

As seen by "The Bystander's" Special Artist Correspondent at the front

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**Miguel or Manoel?**

IT appears that the Portuguese monarchist invasion is not in the interests of any particular King, but of the principle of monarchy, of which Captain Paiva Conceiro is the armed champion. Paiva I. would not sound so bad—at least, so Captain Conceiro is said to think.

***

**Wanted: A Louis Napoleon**

THAT Dom Manoel is personally anxious to re-seat himself on a throne from which he was deposed, after his father and brother had been assassinated, I do not believe. His chief anxiety is to appear to be anxious, secretly hoping against hope that whatever happens, Miguel won't get there. What Portugal wants is a Louis Napoleon, a prince who, for a year or two, will pose as an ardent Republican, and get elected to the Chamber as such. In due course, the Prince becomes President, and then, one fine night, fires a few shots, hoists a flag or two, declares himself King—or Emperor. But our modern Pretenders

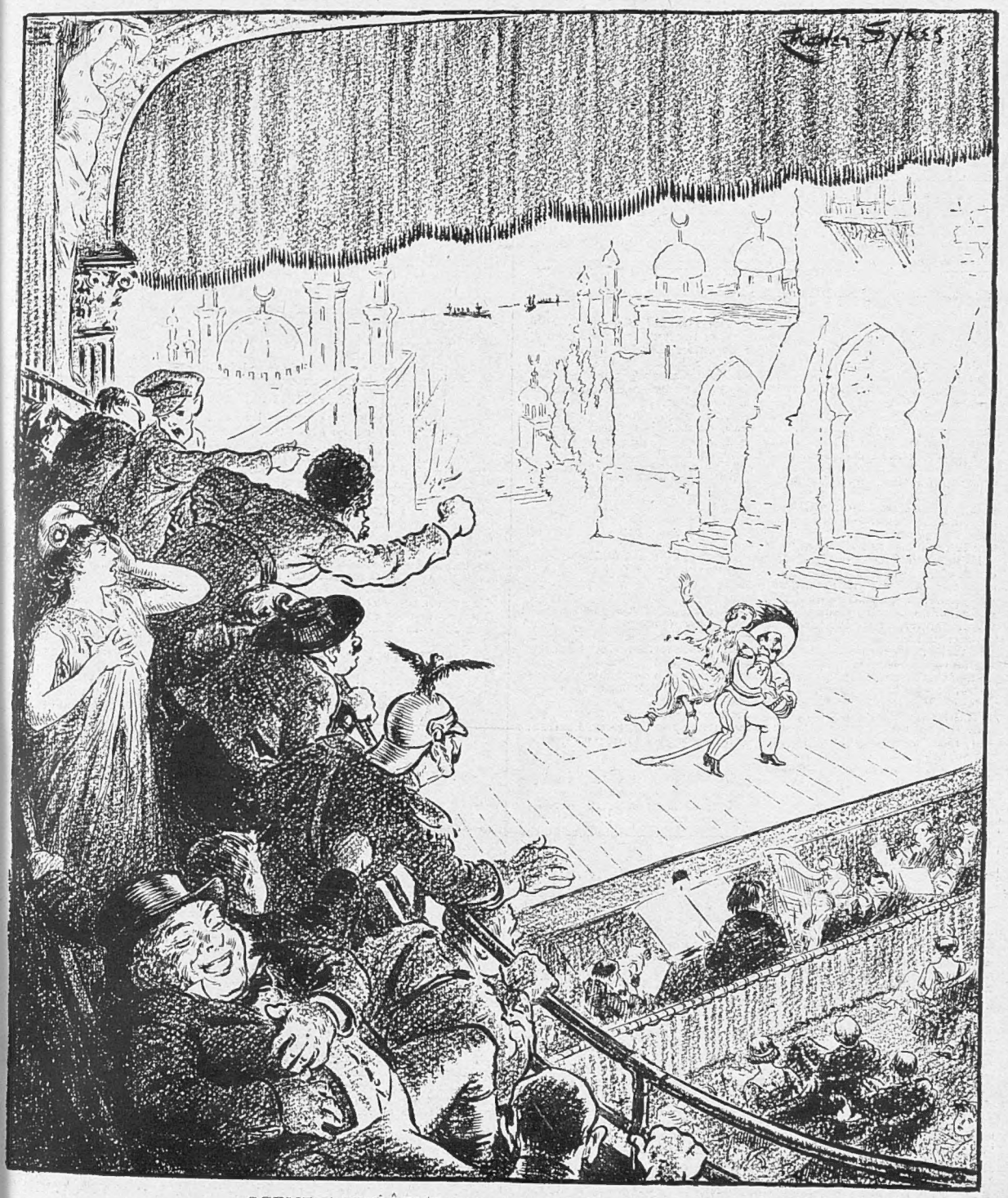
seem made of poor stuff, so far as strategy is concerned. Where are the French Kings and Emperors of the moment? Since poor Henri d'Orleans shot lions, fought duels, and died they have done nothing.

***

## THE "TWENTY-NINE": PILLORY ABANDONED

### Curious Result of "The Bystander's" Defence

THE contemporary which I had to take to task over the pillorying of the Twenty-Nine "Traitor" Peers now announces that it has decided not to proceed further with the project. The Editor is to be congratulated on his courage in abandoning what would, I feel sure, not have been a continuously popular feature of his paper. As the year wears out, so will the very flimsy case against these noblemen. The "naked revolution" at which they are said to have connived exists only in certain diseased imaginations. There is *no* revolution, and Parliament, under the Veto Bill, will be much the same as it has been before, save that Radical M.P.'s will no longer be able to trust to the Lords to do the dirty work of rejecting Bills they dislike, and will have to vote straight according to their consciences in the Commons itself. My fiery friend will, I am convinced, realise in the years to come that this prophecy, like many another that has been given in THE BYSTANDER, is a true one.




SCENE: THÉÂTRE DE LA GUERRE, EUROPE

Voices in the Gallery (to the villainous Signor, who is carrying off the fair Tripolita): "Hiss—s—s—s—s"
John Bull: "Ha, ha, ha! That's too funny for words. They think it's all real"

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

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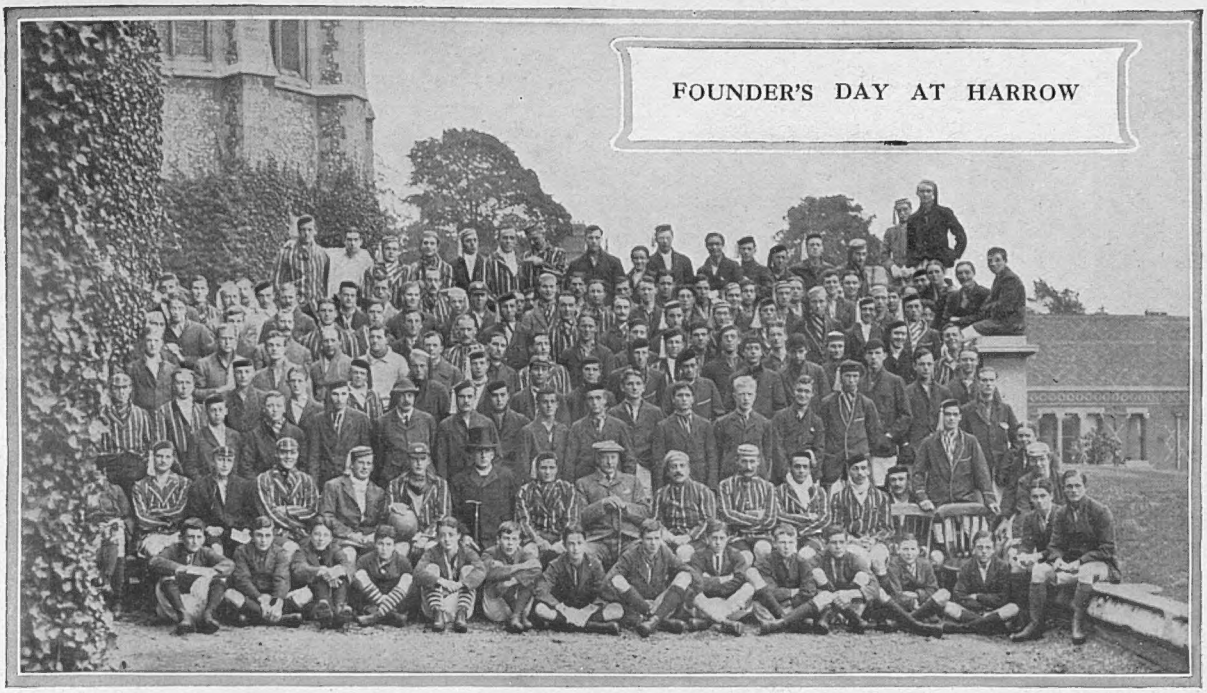
## FOUNDER'S DAY AT HARROW



*Photograph]* A GROUP OF PAST AND PRESENT HARROVIANS *[Sport and General*

**Founder's Day was celebrated at Harrow on Thursday last. Our photograph was taken on the Terrace just prior to the Annual Football Matches between Past and Present Harrovians**

# AT Court and in Society

### The Fall of the Year

AUTUMN is here at last, so is the Court, and London, by the same token, (almost) itself again. There are fires in the club rooms, new clothes at the shops, snow in the Highlands, new plays at all the theatres, new turns at all the halls; while the amount of Society marrying and giving in marriage is filling up even Mayfair.

### Horse and Hound

The Hunting Season is at hand, and therefore, also, its most popular forerunner, THE BYSTANDER Hunting Supplement. Elsewhere is the full story told of the season's prospects, which look particularly gloomy for what Chaucer called "Dan Russel, the fox," if bright for rider, horse, and hound. Here's wishing our hunting readers a good line!

### In the Country

House-party giving, however, still pre-occupies those of the Very Best who are not as yet absorbed in preparations for a visit to India. The King is to fill up with shooting and a day or two's racing the month that remains before the Royal departure, but the Queen, apart from her German visit, will undertake no entertainments (with the exception, perhaps, of a few visits to the theatres) between now and the Durbar.

### At Delhi

Their Majesties sail on November 9 for India, should nothing diplomatic or domestic necessitate a postponement, and the Durbar ceremonies themselves will be in full swing a month later. A good deal of sport, which forms so large a factor of Anglo-Indian life, will, of course, distinguish the proceedings, hockey, polo, and football matches, military tournaments, and races alternating with the three-day-long reception of native panjandrums; the fairs for and feeding of the people; the processions, banquets, and Courts.

*Photograph* *Speaight*

MISS VIOLET RAWSON

**Who is marrying Lord Leconfield on November 8. She is the daughter of Lady Beatrice and Colonel Rawson, and a niece of the Earl of Lichfield**

### Visitors

The King and Queen are taking an enormous retinue, the latest additions to which are Lord Durham, who is to act as Lord High Steward, and Sir Edward Henry, Commissioner of Police and Extra Equerry to His Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, Lord and Lady Antrim, Lord and (possibly) Lady Crewe, Lord and Lady Ampthill, and Lord Duncannon are others attached to the Royal suite.

### Veterans at Harrow

John Lyon's pious memory is resuscitated once yearly at Harrow when a strong muster of Harrovians assemble at the quaint town on the hill to do him honour. The "bill" was called last Thursday at nine, and after dinner the day commenced in earnest. Young Harrovians had a holiday for the day to wear their best clothes and to watch the sport. It was not with generally satisfactory results for the youngsters, for the Old Boys beat them in the football fields by 5 to 2. The great business of the day came later with the revelry by night at the King's Head Assembly Rooms and with the annual "Tobacco Parliament" held somewhere else. It was

THE EARL OF CRAVEN AND MR. LOUIS WEBB LEAVING BALMACAAN FOR SALMON FISHING IN THE RIVER BEAULY

a great, if somewhat exhausting, day altogether for the veterans.

### Of Distinguished Descent

But with a dash of American (on the distaff side) to flavour is young Mr. Archibald Sinclair, grandson and heir of that veteran, Sir Tollemache Sinclair, of Thurso Castle, N.B., one of the favourite hobbies of whose declining years is the presenting of gramophones to workhouses. Sir Tollemache was a Page of Honour to Queen Adelaide, and is grandson of the first baronet, a distinguished scientific agriculturist and statistician, nephew of one of the first English women authors, and son of that Sir George Tollemache whom Byron referred to as "the prodigy of our school days." His grandson, the future baronet, will inherit some fine miniatures and pictures that Sir Tollemache has spent nearly a century in collecting. No fewer than five successive generations of Tollemache Sinclairs have represented (Liberally) in Parliament Caithness in which county their castle is built so near on the sea that the spray from the Atlantic obscures the drawing-room windows.

### A Sporting Paradise

His affection for sport probably led Lord Portsmouth to retire from active political life. His Scottish seat, Guisachan, which he bought a few years ago from Lord Tweedmouth, is a famous sporting paradise, with a deer forest of some 16,000 acres, as well as a huge house, unusually replete, etc., etc. (see house agents' ads.). Lord Portsmouth's heir is his brother, Mr. John Wallop, a bachelor, whose heir again is the next brother, the Mr. Oliver Wallop who married a Chicago lady, and lives, or did live, on a ranch in Wyoming.

## AUTUMN SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS

MR. ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, OF THURSO CASTLE
Grandson and heir of Sir Tollemache Sinclair, Bart.

### The Earl of Craven

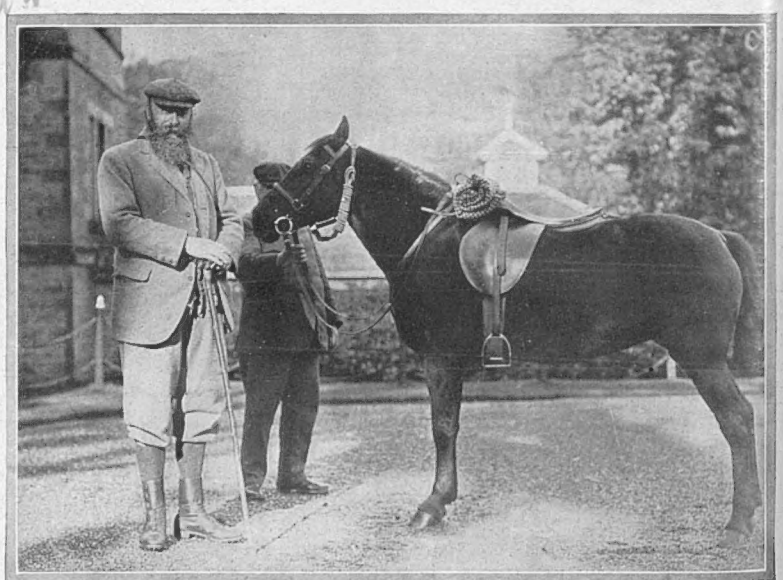
Lord Craven is now Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, his first Court appointment. He is married to the heiress daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, of New York, who entertain sumptuously and continuously throughout the autumn at their place, Balmacaan, near Inverness. Lord Craven cares not at all for politics, or, indeed, any of the serious issues of life, and seems to find his greatest joy in carpentering. He loves making jig-saw puzzles for his unfortunate guests to piece together.

### Portugal at Penrith

There was much "unrest in Portugal" last week, and it was really very thoughtless of those Royalists to become so obstreperous just as their Prince had settled down to enjoy himself at Lowther, where the first anniversary of his flight from Portugal was in the act of being celebrated. It was the gayest of gay parties Lord Lonsdale had assembled in honour of his Royal guest—Lord and Lady Granard, Mary Lady Gerard, Mrs. Rupert Beckett, Lady Juliet Duff, Lord and Lady Dudley, Miss Eleanor Brougham, Sir Frank Swettenham, and last, but not by a long way least, the Marquis de Soveral. In view of the Portuguese situation, it was an interesting kissing-of-hands that of Sir Arthur Hardinge, the new Minister to Portugal, at the Diplomatic Court yesterday.

### At the Clubs

At a certain famous Service Club a certain famous ex-soldier has been insisting that there will be a great European war in less than six months, or, if not then, never. The vast stocking of ammunition, as well as the general tightening-up of our fighting strength is, of course, an open secret.

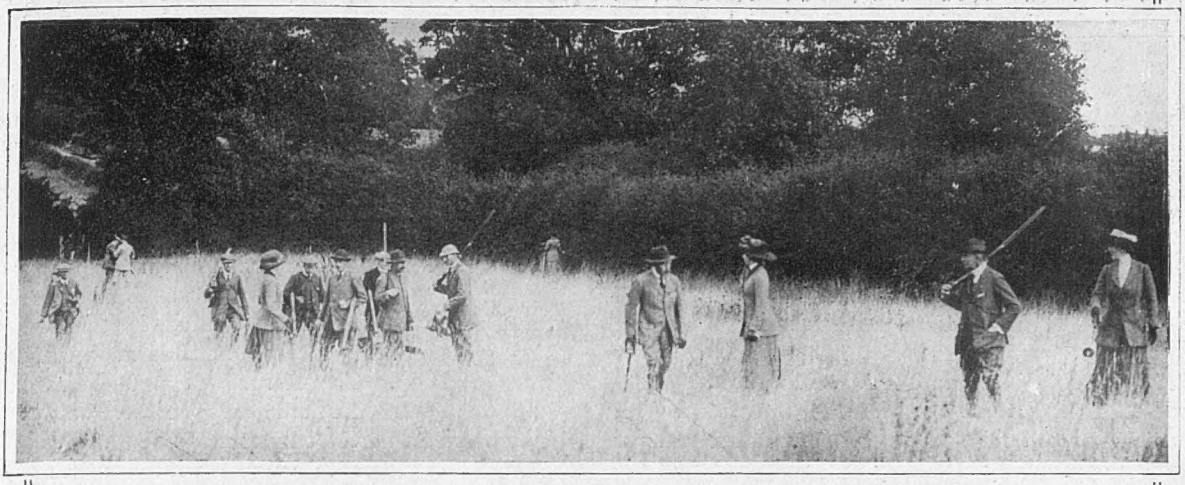


*Photographs* *Sport and General*

LORD PORTSMOUTH READY TO START FROM HIS SCOTTISH SEAT, GUISACHAN HOUSE, BEAULY, TO THE MOUNTAINS FOR DEER-STALKING

# The Peerage and the Partridge

## THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE'S PARTY AT QUIDENHAM, NORFOLK



THE SHOOTERS MOVING INTO POSITION FOR THE DRIVE

LORD HASTINGS

Left to right: EARL PERCY, LADY PONSONBY, LADY ELIZABETH KEPPEL, AND LADY HASTINGS

VISCOUNT LEWISHAM

LORD FRANCIS MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT AND THE VISCOUNTESS LEWISHAM

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE

Norfolk is a fine county for partridges, and the Earl of Albemarle's land at Quidenham is well stocked. Every sportsman will note with envious eyes the apparently wonderful cover there is in this part of England despite the drought. That shows in the top picture is the very stuff that coveys will lie in

# Brigandage or Statecraft?

## THE PERSONALITY OF THE MARQUIS DI SAN GIULIANO, ITALY'S FOREIGN MINISTER

**A Surprise**

THOSE who had the pleasure of knowing the Marquis di San Giuliano when he presided over the Italian Embassy in London cannot help feeling sorry that it should be during his term of office that Italy had decided to take a step which has called forth the indignation of public opinion throughout the world.

**A Statesman in Earnest**

The Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, when he was Ambassador in London, did not confine himself to seeking the society of the Upper Ten. He made a point of mixing with all classes, and he never lost an opportunity of adding to his knowledge of the problems which engaged the attention of the British social reformer. Nothing interested him more than to stroll into Hyde Park and listen to the orators who launched the thunder of their eloquence against the wicked statesmen who did not rise to their high ideals. He enjoyed standing in the crowd and hearing the comments, which were still more interesting to him than the speeches. In spite of the tortures which he suffered from gout, he was the most persistent pedestrian, nor did the gout prevent his punctilious performance of those homely courtesies in which the Italian can give points to the men of all other nations.

**A Student and Man of Action**

A man of medium height, with a sunny Italian smile, and the eyes of a thinker, he looked rather like a man of study than one of action, and, in fact, he is a great student, and always has been a great student. Among the expositors of Dante he is one of the foremost, and his annual address at the banquet of the London Dante Society was one of the treats of the lovers of the "Divina Commedia." But it is as a man of action that the Marquis now stands forth in the face of Europe, and it is as a man of action that he has distinguished himself since he has been in charge of the Italian Foreign Office. No Italian Minister has been more assiduous than he in carrying on personal intercourse with his Austro-Hungarian colleague, and whatever rumours there may be about the weakening of the Triple Alliance, it is certainly at the present moment, so far as Austria is concerned, a more effective instrument for the preservation of good relations between the two neighbours than it has been for many years. This does not mean that affection is growing between Italians and Austrians, but merely that the two Governments do their best to prevent the always smouldering embers of their time-honoured antipathy to each other from bursting into flames. Anybody who knows the Upper Adriatic knows with what tact the two Governments have to proceed not to be involved in the constant squabbles that are going on between Italian and German-speaking subjects of the two States.

ITALY'S FOREIGN MINISTER

A snapshot of the Marquis di San Giuliano, taken in London when he was Italian Ambassador

**The Man for a Crisis**

Only a very few years ago in connection with the Italian language and University question in Austria, even Deputies in the Italian Parliament were denouncing Austria as the hereditary enemy of Italy. The Marquis di San Giuliano, in fact, was summoned to take charge of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs as the only man capable by his tact and resourcefulness to grapple with the situation, which had become one of serious danger to Austro-Italian relations. In the same way the Marquis had already been transferred from London to Paris to soothe the ruffled feeling which had been occasioned by the Farnese Palace incident.

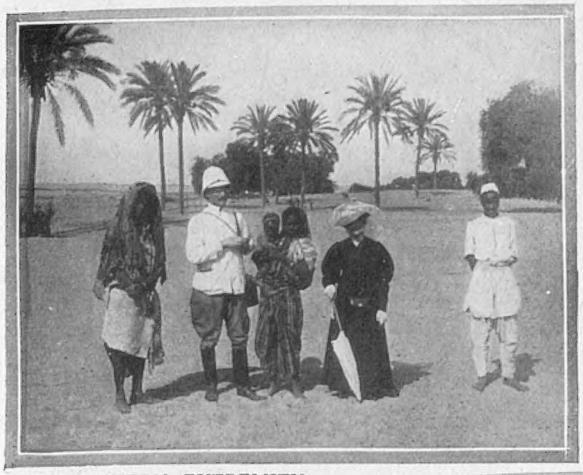
**Ambitious for Italy**

This student of Dante and of the historic beauties of his native land, intellectual, architectural, and poetical, is not a "Little Italianer." He wants to see his country great and its dominions vast, with the green, white, and red flag flying second to none in the prestige it stands for. He dreams of an Italy that shall be worthy of her glorious past, her magnificent ports full of ships, dominating the Mediterranean from end to end, and carrying Italian merchandise to the four corners of the earth in Italian vessels. He is a man after King Victor Emmanuel's heart. The King, too, is one of these political dreamers, proud of his country, jealous of its prestige and dignity, and full of energy and determination to leave it a greater and more powerful nation than it was twenty years ago, with colonies of its own and prosperous industries, which will serve as a landmark for generations to come to the honour of the present reign.

**Kiamil's Indemnity**

It must have been a proud moment for Kiamil Pasha when in the hour of trouble he was again called upon to take the reins of Government. He is a very old man, but many a one half his age would be glad to possess his vitality. The Young Turks showed but scant consideration for the venerable statesman, and turned him out of office without even decency as soon as Parliament got to work. Now that the enemy is at their door they drop their party feuds and appeal to the men whose ability and patriotism are beyond discussion. At any rate, Kiamil now has his revenge.

# IN SOUTHERN ITALY [OR, TO BE EXACT, IN TRIPOLI]



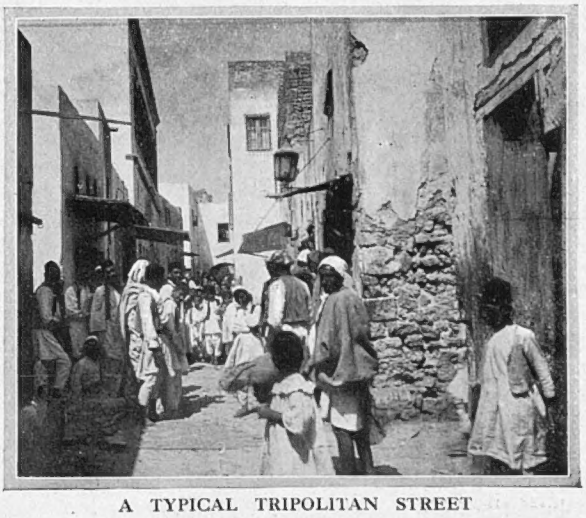
THE SOUTHERN EXTREMITY OF THE OASIS OF TRIPOLI: IN THE BACKGROUND IS SEEN THE DESERT

PURCHASING OSTRICH FEATHERS (ONE OF THE CHIEF PRODUCTS) IN A STREET OF TRIPOLI

MARKET DAY AT TRIPOLI

Tuesday is the weekly market day at Tripoli. The port is seen in the background of the picture

A EUROPEAN LADY IN THE MARKET



A TYPICAL TRIPOLITAN STREET

The capital of Tripoli lies on the edge of the desert on a point of rocky land projecting into the Mediterranean. It is a typical Moorish city, with high walls, beautiful gardens, many mosques and several large churches. Italy is after a good thing, for the coast region of the province (about 1,100 miles long) is very fertile for the most part. The commerce consists in exporting the products of the country and of the interior of Africa (gold dust, ivory, and ostrich feathers)

# Thoughts in the Train

## HOW TO BE QUIET THOUGH A SOCIALIST

YOU asked me, Mr. Editor, after my first article, "Pax Satanica,"* whether I was a Socialist, and said that if so, my thoughts had better be kept in the train and not loosened upon THE BYSTANDER. My answer to you is the question: What *is* a Socialist? Perhaps I can leave you with that, and proceed as per contract. Why, I wonder, is a man who ventures to think anything at all in England promptly charged with being an "ist"? If you reserve your right to speculate on the mystery of creation, you are dubbed as an atheist. If you detach yourself from either party and try to think out political things from a simple A plus B equals C basis, nine chances out of ten you'll be called, as I am by the Editor, a Socialist. The reason why I resent this is not because I'm *not* a Socialist—perhaps I am—but because I don't want to be described as anything else than what I am—Journeyman. A Journeyman is one of two things—a man who makes journeys, or a man who works by day. I am both—a double Journeyman. Is a Journeyman likely to be a Socialist? How can I say? Try to get a definition of a Socialist, and you'll cause a confusion of tongues to which Babel will be nothing. The question is, what are the proper and the probable politics of the man who makes journeys that he may work by day—the politics arising out of his social condition. To make a journey argues that one lives "way out." That, I suppose, involves an income sufficient to cover the necessary expense of doing so, coupled with working hours easy enough to do so in comfort. Also, some independence of town and its appurtenances, and some regard for health, and some love for rusticity. Is such a person of the stuff of which Socialists are made? Again I am gravelled to answer, because I don't know what a Socialist is. I must burrow for a definition before I go on thinking. . . .

—•••—

The dictionary at home (I write this the morning after the foregoing) says that a Socialist is "an adherent of Socialism." Socialism, it vouchsafes, is "the name given to any one of the various schemes for regenerating society by a more equal distribution of property, and by substituting the principle of association for that of competition." Now, if that's all about it, Mr. Editor, suppose I *do* accept it, am I necessarily unfit for the hospitality of your columns? A more equal distribution of property—association in place of competition. I really don't see that to accept that necessarily compels one to wear a red tie and offensively cut clothes, to eat strange roots, to grow whiskers, to abuse the King or even the Dukes, or, in fact, to make oneself any kind of nuisance to anybody at all. Why do I henceforth become a pariah if I want a "more equal distribution of property," and "association in the place of competition"? I do want a more equal distribution of property. The principal reason why I am a Journeyman is because I desire to reach, sooner or later, a position wherein I can at least live up to the standard of comfort of the class to which I belong. I don't want great wealth, a mansion, and an estate, and a legion of retainers—only the right to comfort and to security, and I should like to see others in enjoyment of the same privileges according to the same standard, because I believe *my* standard is the right standard for every man in a civilised State. Beyond it is ostentation, below it compression. One wants room to live and to breathe, and to move and to gratify one's tastes. Is it a monstrous thing to desire that my fellow-men should agree as to the extent of the needed room, and that they should so act in their political lives as to bring the agreement into practice? I cannot see that it is.

—•••—

But perhaps it is on the second horn of the dilemma that I shall get impaled—"association in place of competition." Association! Here, again, the word doesn't inspire me with any horror, even in the field of football. If there is a word which is pretty well embedded in English life it is that. We "associate" in schools, at colleges, in clubs, in chambers, in sports, in entertainments.

—•••—

The true communal spirit resides more in England than in any other nation of the world, and is reverenced provided it confines itself to small affairs, such as clubs, games, chambers. Directly, however, a man gets up and proposes that the spirit of association shall expand, so as to influence the large affairs as well, he is spurned as a Socialist. To tell a person to "play the game" in private is an insult, because, of course, one does. To tell him to play it in public is a greater one, because, of course, one doesn't. To form a club, or a society, or a league is the first instinct of any man with an idea. "It is good," he says. "I must get others to work with me." If, however, one asks the Englishman to look on all the world as a club, and the men and women as but clubmen, to carry his great private motto of "play the game" out into the greater field of life—if, in short, to close my dictionary, if one says that one believes in association in place of competition—one is scouted as a most preposterous person, and warned to keep one's thoughts for the train, not to loosen them upon a newspaper.

—•••—

Not that I *am* a Socialist, mind. I have merely jotted these notes down to prove to the Editor that his intervention was ill-timed, and that if I were one, by chance, I could be quite quiet about it. Certainly, if the language I read in certain weekly journals is the effect of being a Die-Hard Conservative, Socialism should, by comparison, give me the repose of a literary Vere de Vere.

JOURNEYMAN

*A Reply to this, written by Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P., the Labour Leader, appears on page 79

"Here is a Strange Book"

—MARCEL PREVOST

THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANGEROUS AGE"

MME. KARIN MICHAËLIS

"In all the countries of Central Europe the most widely read novel of the present moment is 'The Dangerous Age.' Edition succeeds edition, and the fortune of the book has been increased by the quarrels it has provoked. . . . Undoubtedly the book is not intended for young girls, for what the English call 'bread and butter morals.' But nobody is compelled to write exclusively for schoolgirls."—Marcel Prevost in his preface to "The Dangerous Age" (John Lane: 6s.)

# THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"NOW," says the *Observer*, apropos of Imperial Preference, "the hour has come. Where is the man who will lead the assault?" It is this sort of thing that makes men feel that, if only the *Observer* would give its mind to it, it could easily produce the finest Agony Column of any London paper.

* * *

Once again Mr. Norman Angell is proving the truth of his remark that War is a curse even to the victor. Italian organ-grinders maintain that for some time to come Turkey will be useless to them, as even the youngest Turks are prejudiced against their music.

* * *

Neutral Powers, like our own, are likely to suffer as a result of this, for, of course, organ-grinders will be with us in larger numbers than ever this winter.

* * *

**A.B.C. of the War**

(*With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail."*)

ITALY—one of the combatants. Home of Julius Cæsar, Dante, Marconi, and Signor Scarfoglio, of round-the-world motoring fame. Exports organ-grinders, wireless telegraphs, Papal bulls, etc. Has a powerful fleet, but its railway system is defective, and travellers often have their baggage stolen in this country.

TURKEY—the other combatant. Abdul the Damned used to live here. Among its manufactures are bow-strings, cigarettes, harem-skirts, and the well-known Turkish delight. Has a strong army, but no Suffragettes.

ENGLAND, GERMANY, FRANCE.—These, with other European Powers, are thought by one another to have instigated the war for their own private purposes, but the reasons given are in most cases so involved that we need not enter upon them here.

BULGARIA, ROUMANIA, MACEDONIA, CRETE may be grouped together as the Near East. These countries exist mainly in order to supply copy for the monthly reviews. Nobody knows what they will do in the present crisis; as likely as not, they will refrain from doing anything. But all the monthly reviewers will predict a crisis, and make several guineas that way.

ABRUZZI, DUKE OF THE.—A cousin of the King of Italy. Has achieved great fame as an Arctic explorer and mountaineer and even greater fame as being engaged to Miss Elkins, daughter of Senator Elkins, U.S.A. Commands the Italian squadron in Adriatic, and will know what to do if he meets any icebergs. He will also be able to show his men up any mountains that there may happen to be in——

TRIPOLI.—The bone of contention, a vast desert. It is calculated that there is enough sand here to supply the sand-pits for children in our public parks for the next 200,000 years, and for this reason alone Tripoli is worth annexing by any nation that considers its posterity.

SIGNOR.—The usual prefix to the name of an Italian journalist. It means Mr., and when you see it, you may be sure that the following copy will be flamboyant and snappy, if not strictly grammatical, English.

SOHO.—The place where Italians live in this country, eating macaroni and vermicelli, and stabbing one another at times.

MEYER, THE REV. F. B.—The man who stopped the Wells-Johnson fight, but has, for some reason, not seen fit to interfere between the Turks and Italians.

BROWNING BROTHERHOOD.—Has protested against the war, not believing that Browning would have approved of Italy's conduct in the matter. This possible, but war in some cases quite as inexplicable as Browning, and as difficult to account for as Browning Brotherhood.

FOAMING OCTOBER

By J. L. C. Booth

# Non-Combatants at Tripoli

Tripoli

*Photograph* *Lehnert and Landrock, Tunis*

These pretty Tripolitan mammas were photographed last month in the town of Italian ambitions. Their pose and dress are strongly reminiscent of Biblical days. It is not long ago that we recommended the beauties of Mandalay to musical-comedy impresarios. Does not this picture suggest a further field for those enterprising gentlemen?

# London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

## "THE MARIONETTES" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

THE French are rich in proverbial philosophy of a kind that should have sufficed to give pause to Monsieur Pierre Wolff when he set out to write the story of a marriage of convenience. It was an observant Frenchman who said that the Englishman courts a lady and then marries her, while the Frenchman reserves his courtship until after the marriage. And have we not, from sheer admiration, Anglicised the proverb which teaches that if we cannot have her whom we love we should love her whom we have? A further error of judgment has been made by Miss Gladys Unger, the fair lady who has adapted this play into English, since she has preserved situations which are not sympathetically accepted by the public on this side of the Channel. It is true that the scene of the play is laid in France, and that the characters are French in all respects, except that of the old *politesse*. Perhaps it is Miss Gladys Unger's zeal for the English idiom which prompts her to make one of her gentlemen address the Marquise de Monclars as "Marquise" instead of "Madame la Marquise"—a severer form that, in my younger days, was the only possible one. The third Republic has altered much, but I do not think it can have altered so much as that, especially as the French nobility, like their patron saints, the old Bourbons, learn nothing and—forget nothing.

The Marquis de Monclars, having spent his patrimony, follows the usual course of marrying a young lady with a *dot* in order to repair his financial position. He wanted the money; she wanted the title—and there you are. The first indiscretion appears as the curtain rises. She is sitting in the Marquis's room, and her name is Lucienne de Jussy. She has been married and divorced, and her present social status is not a matter to be discussed, as it is neither here nor there, but about mid-way between the two. Julienne has called to congratulate the Marquis on his marriage, and to express the hope that she may be introduced to Madame la Marquise. You see, we don't do that sort of thing—openly—in this country; and, consequently, it is very difficult to consider the Marquis as a sympathetic character with this knowledge of his past. More than that, the Marquis shows us rather too clearly by his manner that his wife has no charm for him; and when, goaded by his neglect, she suggests that they should each go their own ways, using the permission in its broadest and completest sense, he goes his way for a month in Switzerland with—Lucienne.

I am not for a moment suggesting that this is not true to life. I have myself met friends in Switzerland who were supposed to be "doing" the Scottish lakes or the Galway fishing-grounds; my point is only that our native lack of frankness forbids that we should consider such a situation as even remotely tolerable. Consequently, when we are asked to take an interest in the love affairs of the gentleman in the case, our national hypocrisy compels us to protest that he has put himself out of court by his unpardonable sin. Apart from that, the Marquis is not reasonably polite to his wife. His manner to her is quite uncouth; whereas, it seems to me that if you and your wife have decided to be strangers to each other, she has a right to expect at least the courtesy you show to other strangers. I grant that Madame la Marquise is a little trying. When we first see her she has the appearance of a district visitor in a

There is a distinct joke in "The Spring Maid," the new musical play at the Whitney Theatre. A travelling company of actors goes on strike, but the manager announces that the performance will take place just the same. "But how can you produce Shakespeare without actors?" asks someone. "Why not?" replies the impresario; "it is often done." Of course, if the travelling company had a musical comedy repertoire——

*BY NORMAN MORROW*

country parish rather than that of the wife of a French nobleman; but it is understood that before her marriage she was not only very religious, but virtuous as well—the latter quality being insisted on more than once, as if it were a rather rare one in the sunny land of France. As to this, of course, it is not for a mere ignoramus like myself to speak.

Now, it appears that the Marquise did not marry the Marquis for his title, but because she was genuinely in love with him. And since she cannot win him by her rather oppressive airs of virtue, she goes out into his world and tries to capture his heart by worldly means. The gown that she wears one evening at a private reception, for instance, is one that calls for considerable courage as well as a satisfying consciousness of unassailable virtue. It is when he sees her thus, courted and flattered by all the men, that the Marquis first realises his love for his wife; but, instead of setting to work to gain her confidence by degrees, he practically commands her to make up their quarrel on the spot and to come back home with him. No wonder the ladies in these days are clamouring for latchkey votes, or whatever it is! Furthermore, the Marquis commits the *gaucherie* of allowing the lady with whom he has been touring in Switzerland to be presented to his wife; and, after that, it is difficult to feel any sort of sympathy with him in the loss of his connubial love. English sentiment is monogamic enough to insist that the two ladies ought not to meet on equal footing. Still, rough and ready as the Marquis's methods of courtship are, they prevail in the end, though this happy result is due more to the lady's concessions than to any winning qualities of his own.

So much for the story of the play, which, as it stands, is neither French nor English. The piece is, however, unique, firstly, because it brings back to the stage Sir John Hare, who seems to have lost none of his peculiar grace and charm. He is Monsieur de Ferney (the name has a Voltairian flavour), who, as the uncle of the orphaned Marquise, has brought her up in piety and the aforesaid virtue. Monsieur de Ferney's function in the play is to act the part of guide, philosopher, and friend to his strong-minded niece, and to give her little hints with just a whisper of worldliness in them, so that she may the more speedily win her husband's love. In all this, Sir John Hare shows his old power, and it is a delight to listen again to the quaint note that he has always so successfully adopted in dealing with mildly humorous speeches. There is a quiet pathos, too, in the old gentleman's anxiety to get away from the garishness of Paris to the simple country life he has been accustomed to lead, so that he may complete an epoch-making work he is preparing on araneology. In other words—all about spiders. That, I should say, is a subject in respect of which you have to put your foot down pretty frequently. It may be on account of having been brought up in this atmosphere of spiders that the Marquise proves a little fly. (Order, please!—Ed.). Miss Marie Löhr is quite charming as the Marquise, whether she is posing as the domestic saint or as the flighty young woman of the world. There is an impressive sweetness about all her work—indeed, it is so impressive that it is apt to weaken the dramatic situation, since it seems impossible to believe that any husband could be blind to the charm of such a wife for four whole acts. Myself, I should have surrendered unconditionally at the beginning of the second act, and have asked that all might be forgiven and forgotten. *The Marionettes* is a play well worth seeing for the acting of the principal characters.

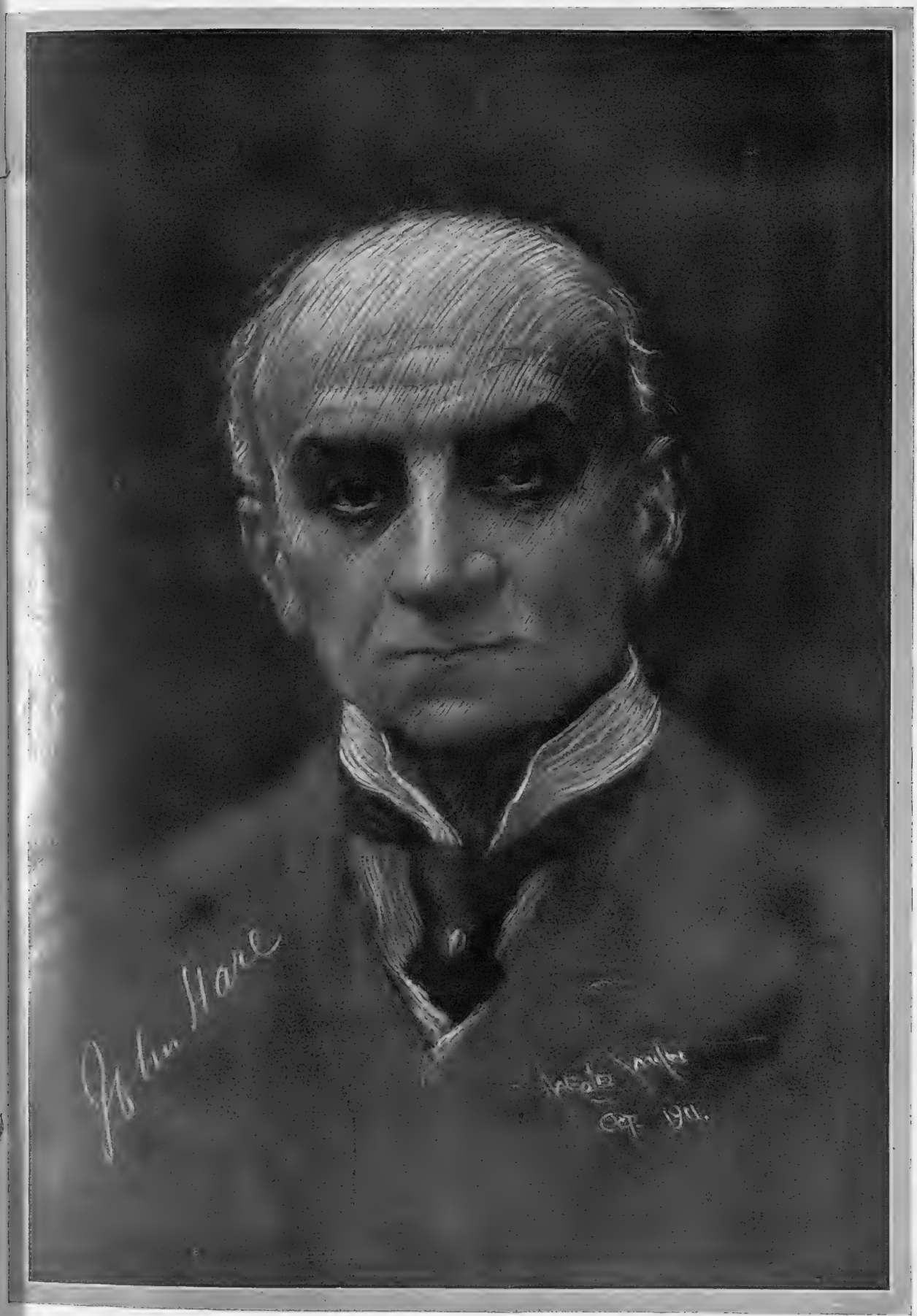
## "THE SPRING MAID"
### At the Whitney Theatre

I thought at first that the title of this play referred to the Maid that blooms in Spring—that it was, in short, an allegory of the tender period of all our lives, when the world was sweet, and young, and green—even as we were when we sat and read the ghazals of Hafiz while the nightingales sang, and the hawthorn weighted the evening air with its troubling perfumes. But — forgive me — I am losing my head! Instead of this, the title refers to the lady who hands out the morning doses of medicinal water at Carlsbad. The story is quite as conventional as usual, if not more so. There is Prince Aladar, who is very successful in making love to ladies of inferior social station to himself, but who avoids, as far as possible, the society of ladies of his own class. Perhaps he is afraid that, not being deterred by considerations of rank, they may speak their minds about him too plainly. However, since the Princess Bozena is in love with the Prince, it follows that she must take the place of the Spring Maid, and pretend to be one of the humbler class in order that the Prince may be dazzled by her plebeian youth and beauty. This change is made in due course, and the rest of the events follow in their usual order. The bulwark of the piece is Mr. Courtice Pounds, whose pleasant singing and playful humour give the production a distinct quality.

JINGLE

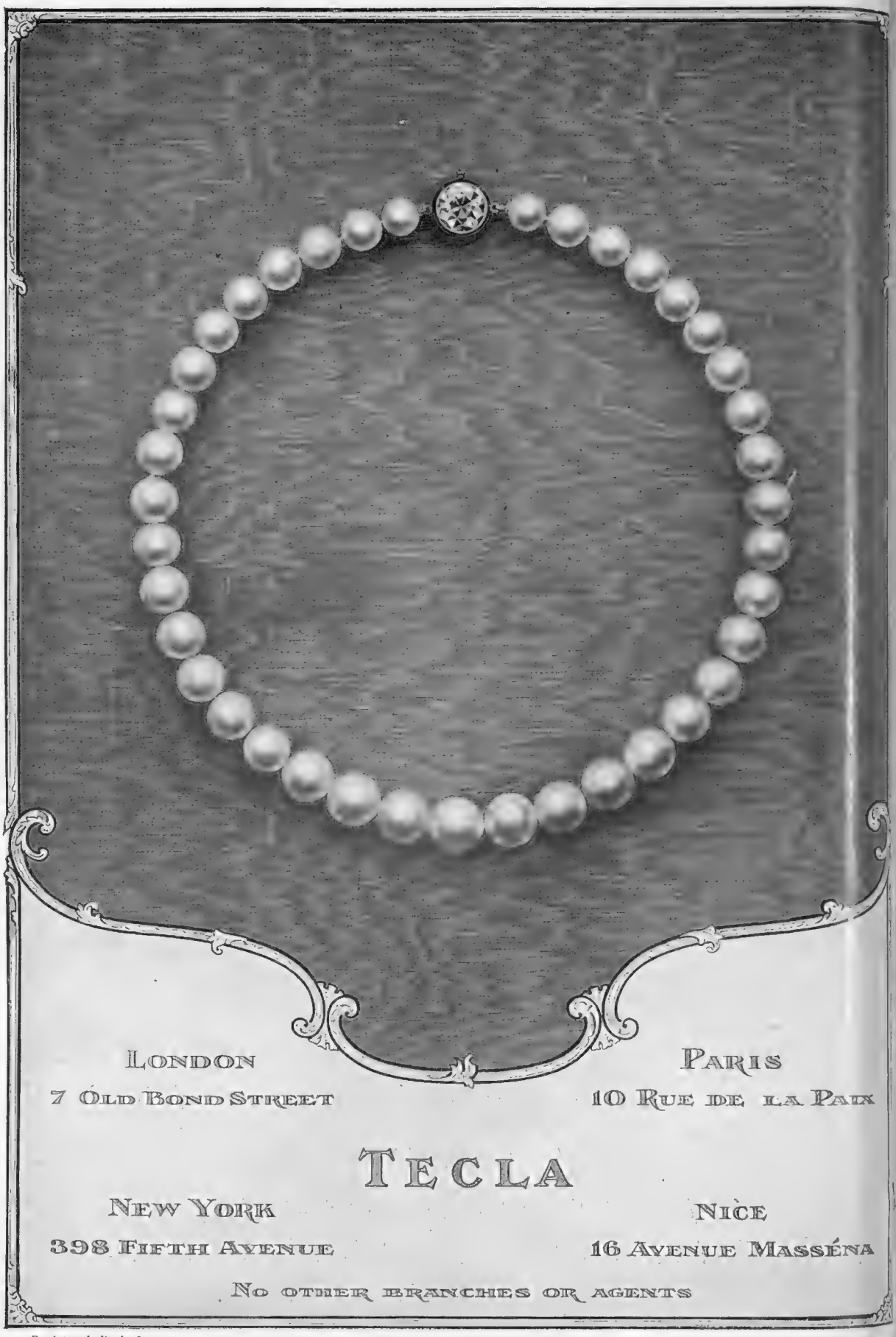
# Back in Harness

## SIR JOHN HARE RESUMES WORK AT THE AGE OF 67




SIR JOHN HARE: AN AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT BY HAROLD SMITH

At the age of sixty-seven Sir John Hare has returned to the stage, the profession which earned him a knighthood from King Edward, and, better still, the love and esteem of countless thousands of playgoers. He is appearing in "The Marionettes," at the Comedy Theatre. The play is reviewed by "Jingle" on the opposite page



LONDON
7 OLD BOND STREET

PARIS
10 RUE DE LA PAIX

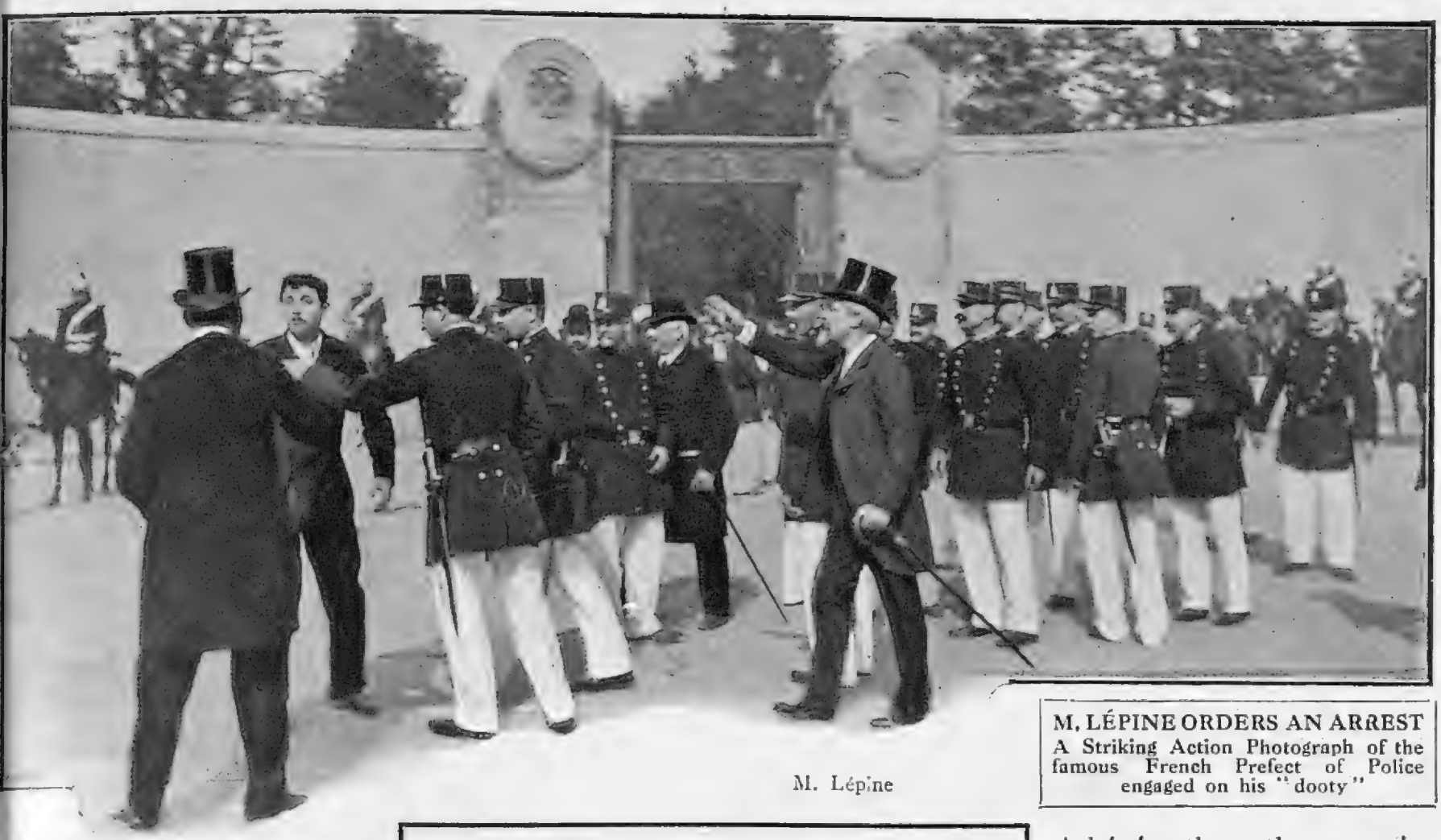
TECLA

NEW YORK
398 FIFTH AVENUE

NICE
16 AVENUE MASSÉNA

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS

*Registered Design*]



M. Lépine

**M. LÉPINE ORDERS AN ARREST**
A Striking Action Photograph of the famous French Prefect of Police engaged on his "dooty"

# PARIS SHOWS
## et Autres Choses

**The Paris Police Prefect**

"TAKE care, then, Name of a Name!" said the fat policeman with the big moustache. He had been looking after two young women who had crossed the street, and the little old man on the bicycle had very nearly run him down. "You ought to have been looking the other way," said the little old man on the bicycle. The policeman's right hand shot out as though it moved on a spring. "Outrage to the police, in the execution of our duty," he said solemnly, fumbling with his left hand for his pocket-book. "You ought to have been looking after the traffic," said M. Lépine, as he hopped on to his bicycle again and rode off. For this wonderful little greybeard, who is everywhere at once, has taken to bicycle exercise latterly. He rides like a professional; the Paris traffic, taxi-cabs and all, has no terrors for him, and as a police-inspector said to me the other day, he "rides about into all sorts of lost corners to see for himself, like a little Haroun-al-Raschid."

**Retire? Never!**

THERE has been talk again, as there is talk periodically, of Louis Lépine's resignation. They will tell you in the Lobbies of the Chamber of Deputies that he thinks of giving up the Police Prefecture and getting elected to the Senate. Of course, there are men in high places who are jealous of Monsieur Lépine, and their wish, no doubt, is father to the thought. But I don't think M. Lépine the man to leave his post. He combines the qualities which make him a unique Police Prefect. The populace loves him, and the Apachés are afraid of him. He himself is afraid of nothing. Whenever there is a row he bobs up in the middle of it like a fairy in a Christmas pantomime, and the neatness of touch with which he picks out a ringleader in a riot, cuts him off from his comrades, and gets him arrested, partakes of the marvellous. "It's quite easy to do my work," he told me once, "if you remember the necessities of the job. You must love it, you must never be afraid, and you mustn't mind when or whether you have time to eat or sleep. Half the jobs in Paris are badly done because of the important part which the luncheon and dinner-hour play in the lives of most Parisians." And Monsieur le Préfet is right.

**In the Theatres**

THE Parisians have come back to Paris again, and are meeting at the *répétitions générales* at the theatres, tinted with varying shades of tan and telling one another beautiful untruths about the work they have been doing during the summer. I won't mention his name, but one dramatist, with whom I chuckled over *Pickwick* at the Athénée the other evening told me the truth delightfully about his holiday task. "What have you written since July?" I asked him. "Three lovely titles," was his answer. "I shall have to get to work on the scenarios soon." Meanwhile the critics are flicking the dust off their clean shirts and getting ready for some strenuous weeks. We have had two new plays already, *Pickwick* and a wild farce called *The Yellow Duck* at Cluny. This, by the way, is one of the few farces of the season.

**Theatrical Events**

PARISIANS are a little bit tired of the rollicking farce with the much-peopled bed in it now, and the popular taste turns to comedy. The first of the new ones will be *Le Petit Café* at the Palais Royal. It will be farcical comedy, of course (it is by that whimsical black-bearded wizard, Tristan Bernard), but it will be more refined and less grossly farcical than Palais Royal plays of the past. And the week which is before us is to hold two new revues at Olympia and the Capucines, a De Lorde and De Maupassant thriller at the Ambigu, a revival of *Le Scandale*, by Henry Bataille, at the Rénaissance, and a new De Flers and De Caillavet play, *Primerose*, at the Français. At the Restaurant de la Madeleine, where the critics, the playwrights, and their exponents meet and nibble sandwiches after first nights in Paris, Henry Bernstein advised a

critic, who was moaning of hard times, to marry his washerwoman. Now that dress clothes at *répétitions générales* have become a necessity in Paris, the advice had a savour of practical utility, which made us all laugh. "Well," someone said, "the Française *répétiton générale* will be in the afternoon, anyway." "Ah, yes," said Bernstein, "the Française!" And everybody began talking about something else. Poor Bernstein's next play will not be at the Comédie Française.

**The Moon-Shooters' Club**

It is the very latest thing in clubs in Paris, and all kinds of people belong to it. I don't suppose a club like "La Cloche de Bois" could exist anywhere except in Paris, for its objects are delightfully and humorously illegal. It has been founded on the principle that the real enemy of modern man is the landlord. Its motto is, "Why pay your rent when necessaries cost so much?" The members wear a little wooden bell in sign of membership (*déménager à la cloche de bois* is the French equivalent for shooting the moon), and on appeal from the committee they gather in force and help people whom landlords have harassed to get away with their furniture before landlords can seize it and sell it. The other day a poor man, whose annual rent was nine pounds, got a note from his landlord increasing it to twelve pounds ten a year. He applied to the Moon-shooters' Club. The members gathered in force with a lawyer in attendance, whose work it was to argue with the landlord and the *concierge* while the members (there were sixty of them present) brought the furniture downstairs. They marched off with it in triumph, and installed it in new quarters. Nobody interfered. And then they gathered underneath the landlord's windows, and gave three groans. There have been no legal proceedings taken yet, and the Moon-shooters say that if the case comes into Court they are going to call the King of Italy and Emperor of Germany as witnesses to precedent.

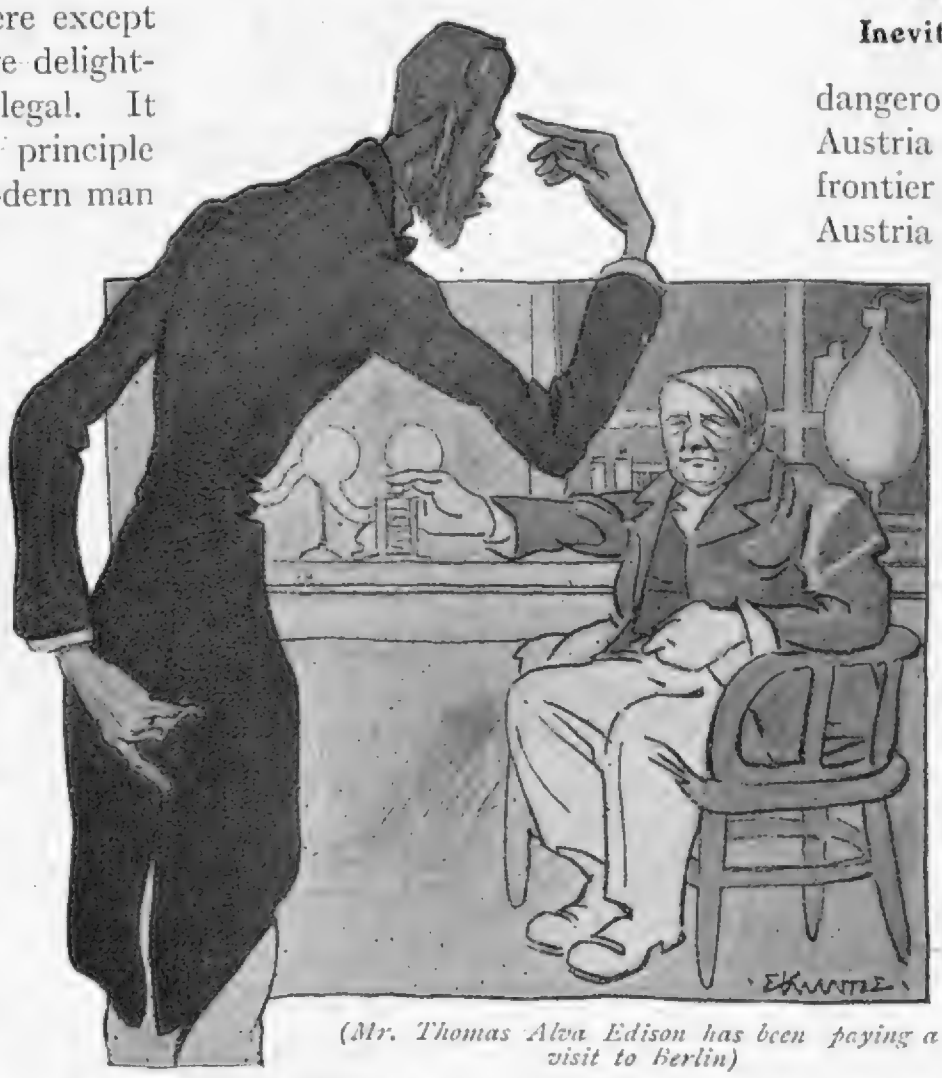
JOHN N. RAPHAEL

# The Bystander in Berlin

## GERMANS AND THE WAR

**Pro-Turks**

GERMANS have awakened to the painful fact that you cannot serve both God and Mammon. Which party in the Tripoli struggle is Mammon and which is the better principle may seem to some doubtful; but people here have uncompromisingly taken sides; and no one affirms that divinity is represented by the Christian State. In other words, the vast majority of Germans are unconcealedly pro-Turk and quite angrily anti-Italian.



*(Mr. Thomas Alva Edison has been paying a visit to Berlin)*

**Bethmann-Hollweg: "Now, tell me, Mr. Edison, how can I combine my fidelity to the Triple Alliance with my love for Turkey without risking a short circuit and a conflagration?"**

*From "Ulk"*

**Germany's Honesty**

THE causes of this are half causes of self-interest and half causes perfectly honest, disinterested, and humanitarian. Englishmen must not think that because Germany herself sometimes descends to a little piracy, she is necessarily a hypocrite in condemning other pirates. Such reasoning shows ignorance of human nature; and implies that British humanitarianism is also always a fraud. Germany's interested, and her disinterested, indignation with Italy really supplement one another. The elements of interest are several. Germany honestly likes the Young Turks, expects a strong Turkey from thei reforms, and believes that in grat tude they will play her game in th Levant, in the Euphrates Valley and—if need be—in Persia. Sh further desires good relatio between Turkey and the Trip Alliance. That is her trump-card i case of a Mediterranean struggl with England or France, o both.

**War Inevitable?**

UNTIL Italy went mad, all things were going admirably. Italy had abandoned her dangerous pretensions in Albania Austria and Italy had settled the frontier trouble in the High Alps Austria and Turkey were again excellent friends; and all three, Austria Italy, and Turkey were building Dread noughts. Without imputing aggressive plans t Germans, it may be said that they foresee a war with England; the *Post* this week declares a war inevitable. They realise then, the value of thos resurrected fleets in diverting the British Navy out of the uncomfortable North Sea. And now headstrong Italy has destroyed these hopes. She threatens to destroy the Young Turk *régime* and to replace it with chaos or with rulers who will be indiscriminately—and reasonably—foes to all Europeans. Naturally, for such reasons of interest, Germans are angry.

**Unanimous Disapproval**

BUT they also feel the genuine moral anger which every nation feels at international piracy when the pirate is not itself. Nobody here listens to the tale that Italy has good reasons for seizing a Turkish province in time of peace. They agree: (1) That Italy had no serious grievance. (2) That she did not want the remedy of such grievances as she had, but only an excuse to rob. (3) That-

as the *Morgenpost* says—there is worse ignorance, disorder, bloodshed, brigandage, interference with trade, and corruption of justice in Sicily and Calabria alone than there is in all Tripoli. (4) That no Power has a right to threaten, as Italy threatens, the peace of a whole Continent. (5) That if Italy gets the rebuff she deserves, she will injure the cause of the Triple Alliance, as she did by her Abyssinian adventure. (6) That the seizure of Tripoli is a mere act of plunder.

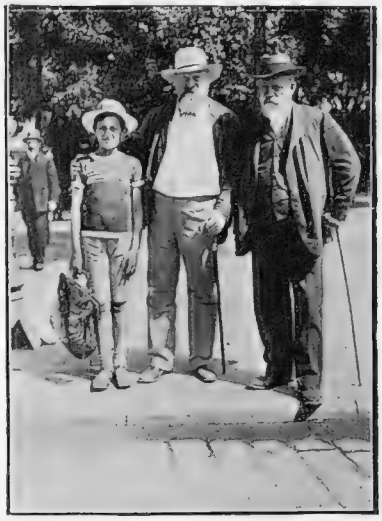
**Officials on the Fence**

THE result of such reasoning is that German opinion is entirely on the side of the Turks; and no man hides his hope that Italy (irresistible though she seems in Tripoli itself) may somehow get a sound drubbing and an enduring lesson. But that is not the position of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter. Unlike the German citizen and the German Press, which have rejected Mammon, these more cautious heads remember that Mammon is also a useful ally. They cannot take sides with her without angering the Turks; and they cannot take sides against her without finally dissolving the Triple Alliance. So they are sitting, mathematically, on the middle of the fence, and taking the double risk of angering both parties, each of which is clamouring for it to come down.

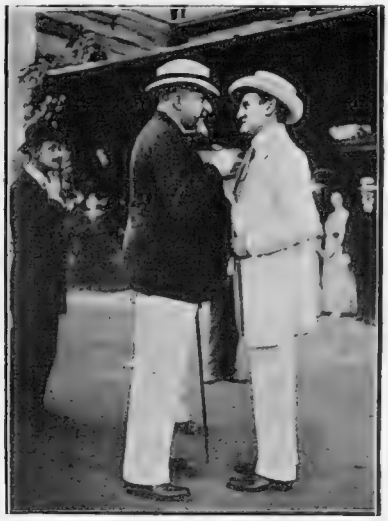
**The Powers Irritated**

THIS cautious attitude does not mean that official Germany has no secret sympathies. The inspired *Koelnische Zeitung* in two articles betrayed the fact that the Powers that be are highly irritated with their ally. But that must not be shown by any official action; and Germany is now expected soon to advise Turkey that it's best to climb down, to which she will get the reply, "If we want to do that we can do it without advice," and to tell Italy to be reasonable, and get the reply, "Why should we be reasonable if Turkey climbs down and lets us be unreasonable?" All of which gives a certain topical interest to the cartoon in *Ulk*, showing what Germany's Chancellor said to America's inventor, Mr. Thomas Alva Edison, now paying a visit to Berlin (see page 76).

# Personalities at Bayreuth



Dr. Hans Richter in the Gardens at Bayreuth. He became a Director of the Bayreuth Festival over thirty years ago



King Ferdinand of Bulgaria (left) conversing with the General Music Director, Dr. Karl Muck

Frau Schumann-Heink, a veteran singer of Opera. Her name is indelibly associated with Erda, in Wagner's "Rheingold"

Herr Hermann Weil, who took a leading part in the Festival. He played Amfortas in "Parsifal"

Siegfried Wagner affords a striking example of heredity in genius. His father was Richard Wagner, and his grandfather Franz Liszt

Herr Kapelmeister, Frau Matzenauer, and Herr Josef Stranksy, well-known singers at Bayreuth

# His Emperor's Loyal Liege

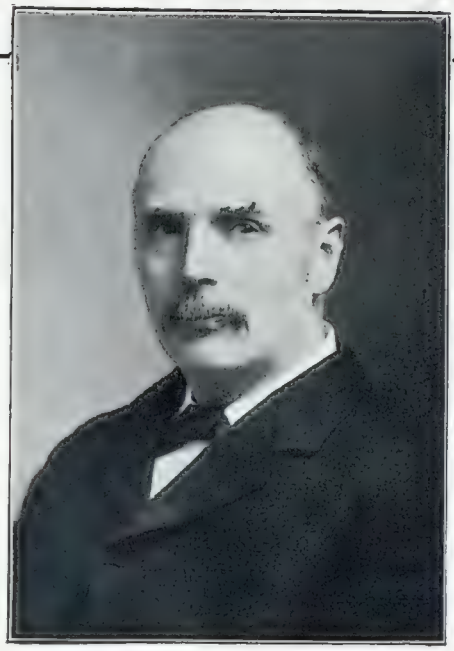
## THE NEW NIZAM OF HYDERABAD WITH HIS TWO SONS

*Photograph* *Bourne and Shepherd*

The installation of the new Nizam of Hyderabad, which took place on September 2, was performed in surroundings of the most sumptuous description. The Resident, in a speech, expressed his sympathy with the Nizam on the death of his father, and congratulated him on his succession. The Nizam, a stately and dignified figure, said his best endeavours would always be directed towards strengthening the tradition of Hyderabad as a faithful ally of the Indian Government

# WILL SOLDIERS BECOME SOCIALISTS?

WELL-KNOWN LABOUR LEADER'S VIEWS ON "THE GREATER ILLUSION"



*Photograph* *Elliott and Fry*

MR. G. N. BARNES, M.P.
(Labour, Glasgow, Blackfriars)

(*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER.)

SIR,—The train reflections of your correspondent "Journeyman" form a distinct contribution to a topic of great public moment. They are set out in a light and even an airy manner, but they nevertheless raise issues of the first magnitude. What is to be the attitude of the money power towards War and towards Armaments, and what the relationship between Socialism and Militarism? I agree with your correspondent that money will, to an increasing extent, be against war. Money is finding out that there are peace as well as war coupons, and that in any case the day of "sack" has gone. It does not necessarily follow that the money interest is against huge armaments. There are profits in those, although they may never be used in actual warfare. Nor does it follow that wars will cease because of the money-bags being less inclined for them. There is still national pride, or sentiment, and that this counts for something is proved by the Jingoism in Italy at the present moment over the raid on North Africa, which will certainly bring no material gain to the Italian people. But the altering attitude of money will go a long way towards the preservation of the peace, especially in those cases of contemplated wars which involve heavy loans.

We are in, therefore, for heavy expenditure on armaments which will probably never be used. Thus far I agree with your correspondent. But in his further suggestion of "a new grand alliance" between Socialism and Militarism I believe he is absolutely and entirely wrong. He thinks that the fighting men will turn to the Socialist side partly from love of fighting and partly because of hatred of the capitalist. Some Socialists imagine the soldiers, fired with the ideas of the class-war, turning their arms against capitalist Governments and using the army as a means of effecting the last and culminating act in the freeing of the people from capitalism. I believe both he and they are entirely wrong. Armies and navies will remain the tools of Governments, ready to do the bidding of Governments. And here let me say in parenthesis that for my part I find no fault with that. Those who would control armies and navies must aim at controlling Governments.

The "new grand alliance" of your correspondent really constitutes a further and greater illusion on his part, and it arises in his mind, if I may say so, from a lack of knowledge of the modern Socialist movement. There may be, as he says, a social revolution coming in Central Europe. If so, it will not bring Socialism. The Socialist movement is not revolutionary in the sense in which revolution figures in his mind. A good many Socialists still, of course, live in the past, they have grown in the traditions of the political revolutions of last century, but Socialism has outgrown them. They are mere echoes of a tale that has been told, of a past that can never be recalled.

But an alliance between soldier and Socialist would be alien alike to the spirit of Militarism and Socialism. The soldier wants to fight. That as your correspondent points out, is his business. He wants to fight for his country and against other countries. He is intensely national. Socialism, like Capitalism, is international, German and Briton alike are enrolled under its banner. Socialism regards Society as being divided horizontally class against class; Nationalism implies division vertically, people against people. An alliance, therefore, between International Socialism and National Militarism is unthinkable. It would be something unnatural, illogical, and absurd. That, as a matter of fact, is instinctively realised both by soldier and Socialist. Ask a soldier what he thinks of the Socialist, and in nine cases out of ten he will tell you the Socialist ought to be shot. And, on the other hand, the Socialist, if not opposed to the soldier as a man, is opposed to his calling and his activity. Your correspondent seems fairly well informed, but there is one branch of knowledge he has neglected, or the alliance of soldier and Socialist would never have entered his head. He has not kept himself posted with the proceedings of the organised Socialist movement, or he would know that there has been no projected war of modern times but has brought out its hostility. Italian Socialists are even at this moment vigorously protesting against the trip to Tripoli, just as British Socialists protested against the Boer War, and as French and German Socialists alike protested in advance against any war between the two countries over Morocco.

I conclude, therefore, that the alliance suggested by your correspondent will not mature. I have too much faith in Socialism to think that it would be a party to it, even if offered, and I am quite sure that only disaster could come of it if tried. The figure of the Kaiser in red cap may remain in the mind of your correspondent as a fantastic dream, but the Kaiser as the figurehead of Junkerdom will still be with us to be dealt with as a grim reality.

GEORGE N. BARNES, M.P.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

# SAND MAGIC

BY A. R. GORING-THOMAS

*Author of "Mrs. Gramercy Park," "The Lass with the Delicate Air," etc., etc.*

WE were sitting on the Terrasse at Baden. A thin, harassed-looking Englishwoman—the type that lives to an extreme old age in spite of always looking at death's door—turned and asked me whether I had ever really known a fortune-teller who was any good.

"Only once," I told her.

"Do tell me about it," she said.

"Are you interested?" I asked, curiously.

"Very!" she said.

She did not look happy; Englishwomen seldom do.

"I had been ill in Colombo," commenced I. "The hot, muggy nights tried me; the place was full of nasty smells. As soon as I could I took steamer to Europe. None of the passengers on the boat looked sufficiently interesting to stir me to make advances to them, so I kept to myself."

"How like steamer passengers!" sighed the Englishwoman.

"I was ill-tempered and tetchy. I think I must have had a touch of malaria. When the steamer reached Suez I felt better. I went ashore and wandered about; I was alone and bored."

"Egypt's glamour is theatrical," observed the Englishwoman; "it only lasts the performance."

"It was not that," I answered; "I was bored because I was lonely. That did not displease me; the desire for company meant that I was getting better. After wandering a short time by myself I returned, and as I neared the ship I saw a fellow-passenger wandering aimlessly about on the patch of sand which lay in the shadow of the vessel. Here is company, I thought. From the passenger list I knew that the man's name was Edward Laud. He was a dark man, with a sensitive, defiant face, in spite of a swaggering gait, and of something theatrical in the carriage of his head and in his gestures. He looked and spoke like a gentleman. I nodded to him.

"'It is very hot,' he said, in a pleasant voice.

"'It is,' I said, 'but I don't mind it now that I feel better.'

"'Have you been feeling unwell?'

"'I was seedy when I got on board at Colombo.'

"At that moment a long-legged Arab squatted down in the sand beside us. The Arab put what seemed to be a parchment-covered drum on the sand before him. He threw a handful of sand on the parchment and ran his long, bony fingers deftly through the sand.

"'Tell your fortune,' he said, smiling at us.

"'It will do to while away a minute or two,' said Mr. Laud. 'What do you charge?' he asked the Arab.

"The Arab grinned fearfully. 'Tell your fortune,' he said, 'half-a-crown—two and six pennies; tell all your future, five bob!'

"'I will try the half-crown fortune first,' said Mr. Laud. 'If it is good I will have the other after.'

"For some time the Arab continued to run his fingers through the sand on the drum-head. He studied curiously the design his fingers had made in the sand. Then he drew from under his robe a dirty box, and threw the dice the box contained on to the drum-head. The Arab appeared to study with excited minuteness the displacement of the sand pattern made by the fallen dice, as well as the exact position of the dice on the drum-head. Then he proceeded to twirl his hands in an absorbed way over the sand pattern, and crooned a cackling gurgle. The performance seemed to me fantastic and rather ridiculous. It was abominably hot. Even where we stood, in the shadow cast by the ship, the heat was blistering; the reflected light cast by the sand lit up the under-part of the Arab's chin, the bony ledges under his eyes, and the palms of his hovering hands. The Arab suddenly put his chin on his knees, clasped a bare ankle with each hand, and said volubly:

"'The woman you have left behind you will never trouble you again. The child that was born two months ago is not——'

"He said no more, for Mr. Laud kicked the drum-head over and fled up the steamer gangway.

"I stood watching the Arab groping in the sand for the lost dice. When he had found them he departed without remark.

. . . . . .

"I saw Mr. Laud again after a few days; he made no reference to what had happened. But in the course of many conversations, we found we had some mutual friends, and shared a family interest in a distant cousin. The world is very small. But it was not until we reached the English Channel that he gave me the key to the story.

"'Some months ago,' said Mr. Laud, 'I became seriously ill. I had to give up my work—I was one of the masters in a well-known Antipodean college—to undergo an operation. I went into a private hospital. After the operation I found the hospital was kept by a woman I had known when a boy. She was most extraordinarily kind. I had not seen her for fourteen years. During that interval she had had some ups and downs. Her father had lost money, and she, to relieve the pressure at home, had taken to nursing, and prospered to the extent of having a nursing establishment of her own. She was about my own age, and when I had known her before I was boyishly in love with her.

"'I had never in my life before been really ill, and I was profoundly touched by her unfailing kindness to me. When I got better I knew that I loved the woman who had nursed me back to health. I asked her to marry me. We were sitting by the sea one heavenly summer evening. She trembled pitifully when I asked her the question. Trembled and trembled like a she-oak in the breeze until I almost felt like a boor for troubling so feminine a creature with my rough masculine love. But she consented. She sold her nursing home, and three days after our marriage went to Europe alone. At the time of the

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 82)

# Deer-Stalking With a Grand Mogul

## H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA ENJOYS SCOTLAND'S GRANDEST SPORT

THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA

IN A WILD ROSS-SHIRE GLEN

Auchmashellach, where the deer-stalk took place, is set in scenery of the wildest description. The burn over which the party is crossing becomes a mad torrent when the rain and snows set in

*Photographs]* FOLLOWING A MOUNTAIN BURN'S COURSE *[Sport and General*

It is imperative to stalk deer up-wind, that the quarry may not get scent of the hunters. With a contrary wind, it is not safe to approach deer within a mile. On steep hillsides the biggest stags are found usually near the base with the hinds and smaller stags above them. Unless disturbed by grouse or a fox, deer rarely look up-hill. It is thus always preferable to stalk from the summit

(Continued from page 80)

marriage I had been away from the college nearly three months on account of my illness, and I could not ask for further leave of absence, and I could not afford to resign my position. My wife had dreamed for ten years of visiting Europe. She had enough money to do so from the sale of the nursing home. It seemed her best opportunity to do so, and I urged her to go.

"'She wrote to me from every port. I heard of her from friends in England and Ireland. She seemed to charm everybody; some cousins wrote laughingly to say it was time she came back to me. After about three months away, she booked her passage to come back. She got as far as Naples and had to leave the ship on account of illness. In a fortnight she embarked again and went a stage further. She left the ship again, and then utter, complete silence. I nearly went mad. At Naples I found out from the ship's doctor she developed an abscess at the root of the spine; she completely recovered. But the doctor's manner was very, very disquieting. My pride took fire; I would not thrust myself on a reluctant woman. I went on with my work as well as I could.

"'Then I heard the truth; the woman had tricked me into giving her my name. Four months after our marriage a child was born.

"'Lest I should kill her, I am putting the width of the world between us.'"

. . . . .

"That is quite true?" asked the thin Englishwoman.

"Quite true," I assured her.

"Was he a nice man?" she then asked.

"He struck me as particularly refined, and chivalrous."

"What a detestable creature the woman must have been," said the Englishwoman, disgustedly. "Where is that Arab? At Suez?"

"I don't know; he may be."

"There is something I should like awfully to know," said the Englishwoman, musingly.

"If I can tell you——" I began.

The Englishwoman sat twirling her wedding ring between the finger and thumb of her right hand. "You could not tell me," she interrupted a little abruptly; "the Arab you speak of might, perhaps——"

I surmised a husband—an errant husband.

"Some things are better not known. When ignorance is bliss——"

"Ignorance is never bliss," she interrupted. "I want to know—every woman wants to know."

"Every white woman," I corrected.

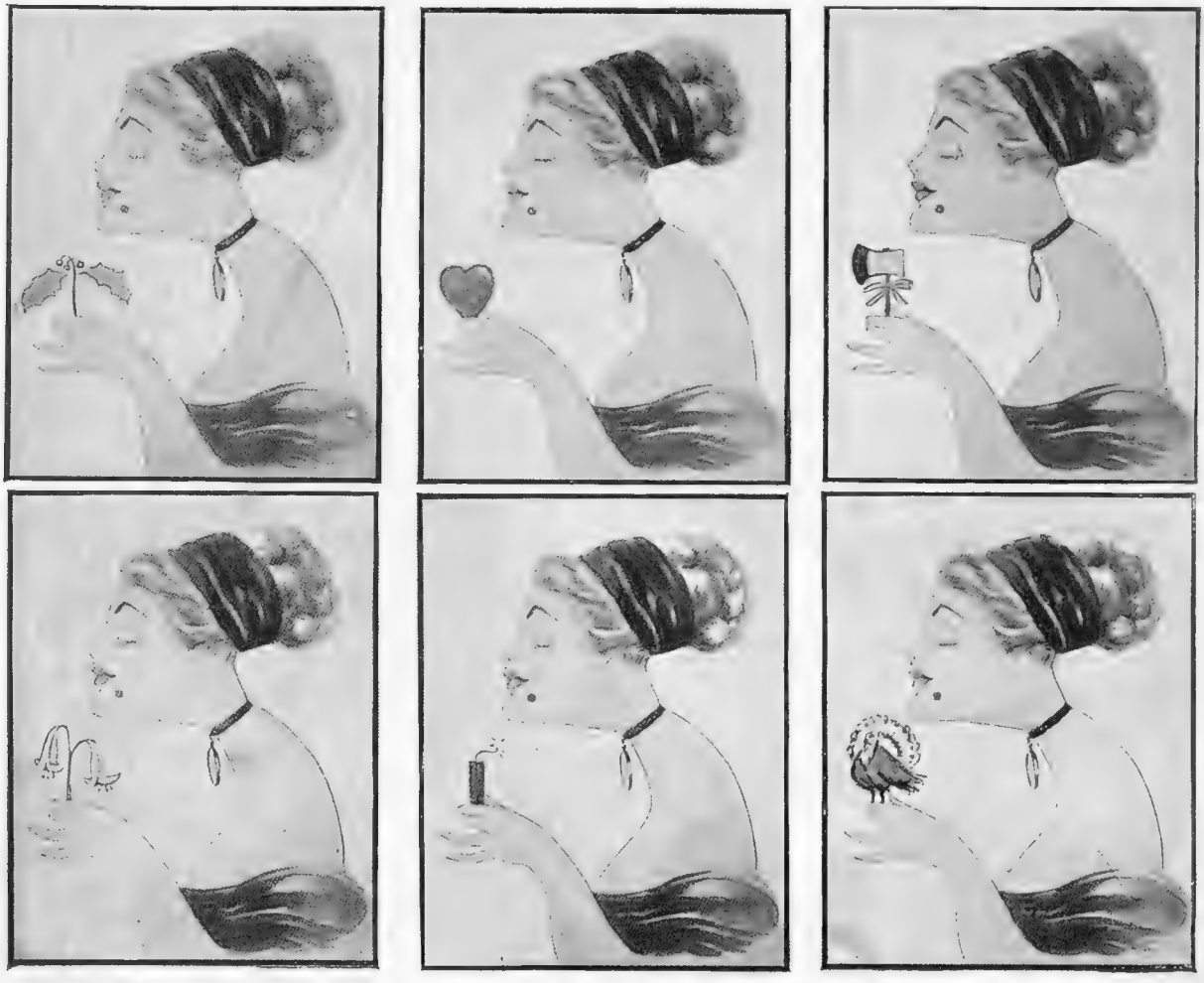
The Englishwoman looked at me curiously.

"The vast majority of men are born with the hunting instinct and stray away—straying is included in the hunting instinct. Why bother about the details of the straying?"

The Englishwoman clasped her hands and looked at me miserably. I was sorry for her, and spoke some comfort round-mouthed. "The great consideration," I said, "is that, when the hunt palls, they should turn instinctively home."

The Englishwoman looked down at her wedding ring and winced painfully. Then I realised the fatuous silliness of my attempted comfort.

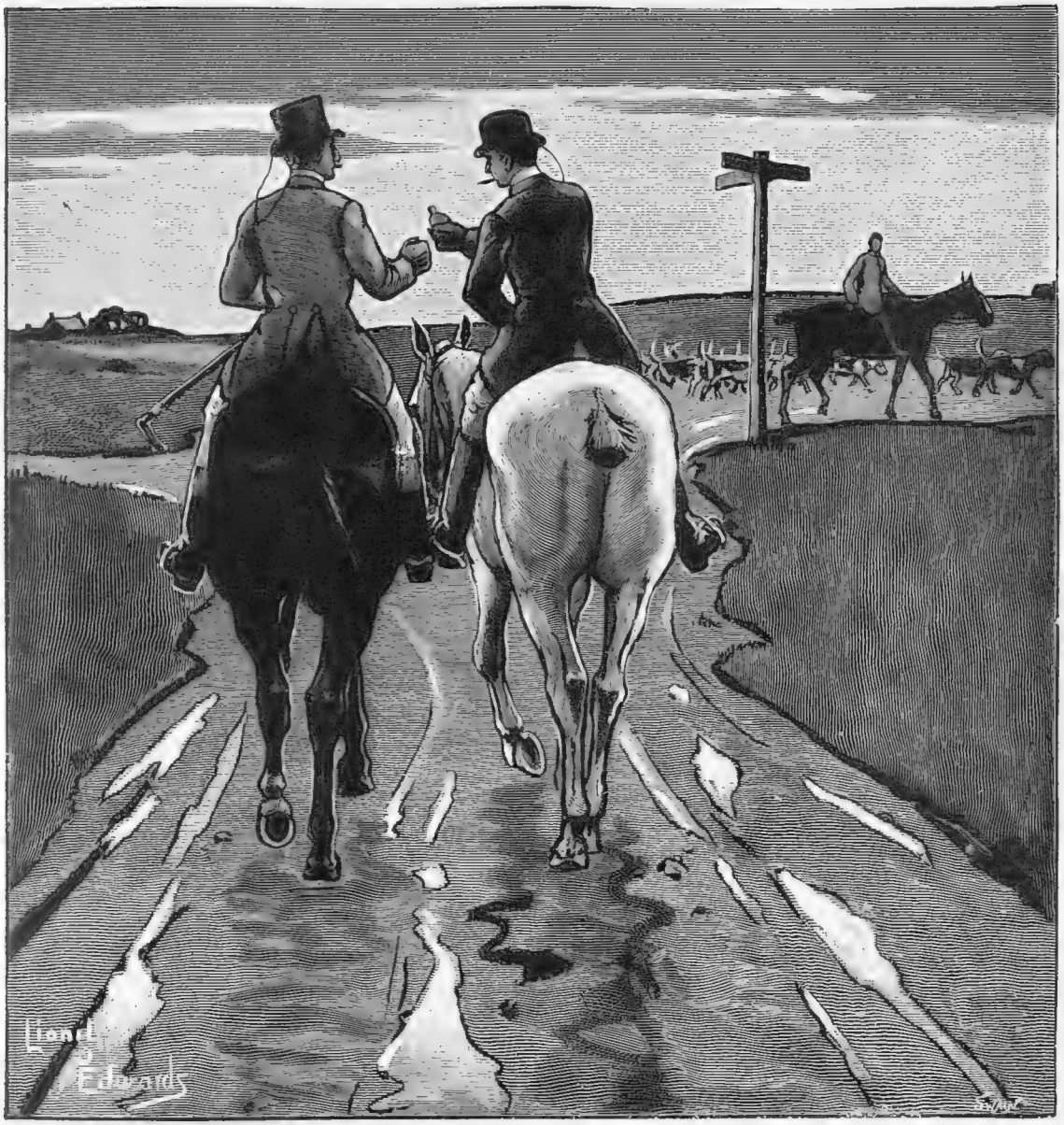
A. R. Goring-Thomas



SIX ORIGINAL IDEAS FOR THE COVERS OF SOME COMING NUMBERS OF THE POPULAR MAGAZINES

# BUCHANAN'S

## Scotch Whisky




— HOMEWARD —

# "Black & White" BRAND.

# MATTERS MUSICAL

## DO WE WANT REALISM IN OPERA?

**Dazzling the Provincial**

"Max Reinhardt and Gordon Craig have *experimented* with, but Mr. Quinlan has *created*, the twin spirits of Opera, atmosphere and realism." Thus Mr. Quinlan in a circular issued to the Press a fortnight or so ago, with additional information about the miles of canvas and the tons of colouring with which he proposes to dazzle the eyes and loosen the purse-strings of provincial opera-goers. Now, this is all very well, and I'm sure we are very glad that Mr. Quinlan is so pleased with himself, but, not to put too fine a point upon it, such talk about Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt is all nonsense. Seeing that both these worthies are out to fight against the miles of canvas and tons of colouring, as well as realism generally, it is absurd to flaunt these things in their faces and expect them to be convinced that you have, *ipso facto*, gone one better!

**The Song's the Thing**

And, quite apart from this, is it very important to have a real bridge in *Carmen*, or to know that Lieutenant Pinkerton's trousers are of regulation cut and colour? I do not think so. Of course, I do not mean either that no care must be given to these kinds of things; I recall a performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor* in a small Italian town, where the chorus appeared with their sporrans tied round their necks, and the effect on the initiated can better be imagined than described. But the truth, as usual, lies in a compromise. The scenery and dresses should be adequate to the performance, no better and no worse. It only makes a bad singer appear more pitiable to see him floundering about a sumptuous scene in wonderful clothes. After all, the singing is the first consideration, and just as I have enjoyed many a French comedy with shabby scenery in a third-rate casino owing to the excellence of the actors, so I am prepared to enjoy a performance of *Faust* if the singers are good, be the church never so rickety and the walls of the dungeon never so transparent.

**Beauty Versus Realism**

However, if Mr. Quinlan will not insist on the mere expensiveness and luxury of his scenery, I am ready (oh, thrice happy Mr. Quinlan!) to congratulate him on his undertaking and to wish him every success. All things said and done, it is a great step in advance for opera to be seen in the English provinces under such conditions. For opera is essentially a form of entertainment that gains enormously by being beautiful to the eye as well as to the ear. Thus far I am altogether with Mr. Quinlan—but again I must insist that beauty and lavish realism are by no means synonymous. Nevertheless, I believe that Mr. Quinlan's productions are more likely to be really beautiful in many respects than those of his predecessors in the same field, for he seems to have paid close attention to important detail and to have thought out real colour-schemes for each opera. If only I had been able to see some more rehearsals, I should have been better qualified to give an opinion, but, unfortunately, I had to limit my attention to *The Valkyries*.

*Photograph* *Dover Street Studios*

MR. THOMAS QUINLAN

**Who is touring the Provinces with his operatic company, declares in a circular to the Press that he has "created" Atmosphere and Realism in opera where others have only "experimented." The accompanying article reviews this claim**

**Sanguine Expectations**

Of this, Mr. Quinlan's company gave a very good performance indeed, and the *mise-en-scène* was, to say the least, adequate, though it is difficult to judge the lighting at a dress-rehearsal. However, *The Valkyries* was, I suppose, rather an exceptional affair as regards the singers, for no provincial audience can expect to hear Agnes Nicholls as Brünnhilde, Edna Thornton as Fricka, Allen Hinckley as Hunding, not to mention Clarence Whitehill as Wotan, every day of the week. In short, it was a Covent Garden cast, and the performance was up to Covent Garden level. Further, the orchestra, under Mr. Hawley, deserve much praise, for, with the exception of the last few pages, they played extremely well. Indeed, it will certainly be very disappointing if *The Valkyries* does not win a big success wherever it may be given.

**Opera Without "Fleshings"**

One last word to Mr. Quinlan. He boasts in the circular referred to above that no fleshings will be worn, that "his artists will, where necessary, appear with their arms and knees bare." For my part I never knew any Wagnerian "artists" (perish the word) do anything else, and I would advise Mr. Quinlan, if he wishes to introduce a real reform, to turn his attention to a certain article of clothing indispensable, I believe, to the figure of modern ladies. What looks delightful with a Parisian frock is neither becoming nor apposite to the flowing draperies of Sieglinde. . . . I fear my space is exhausted! FRANCIS TOYE

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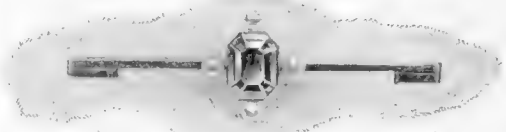

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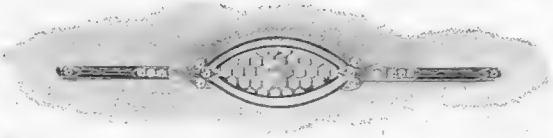

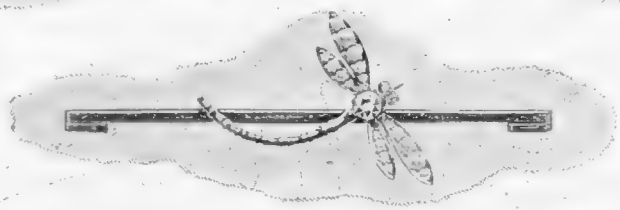

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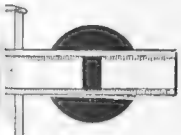

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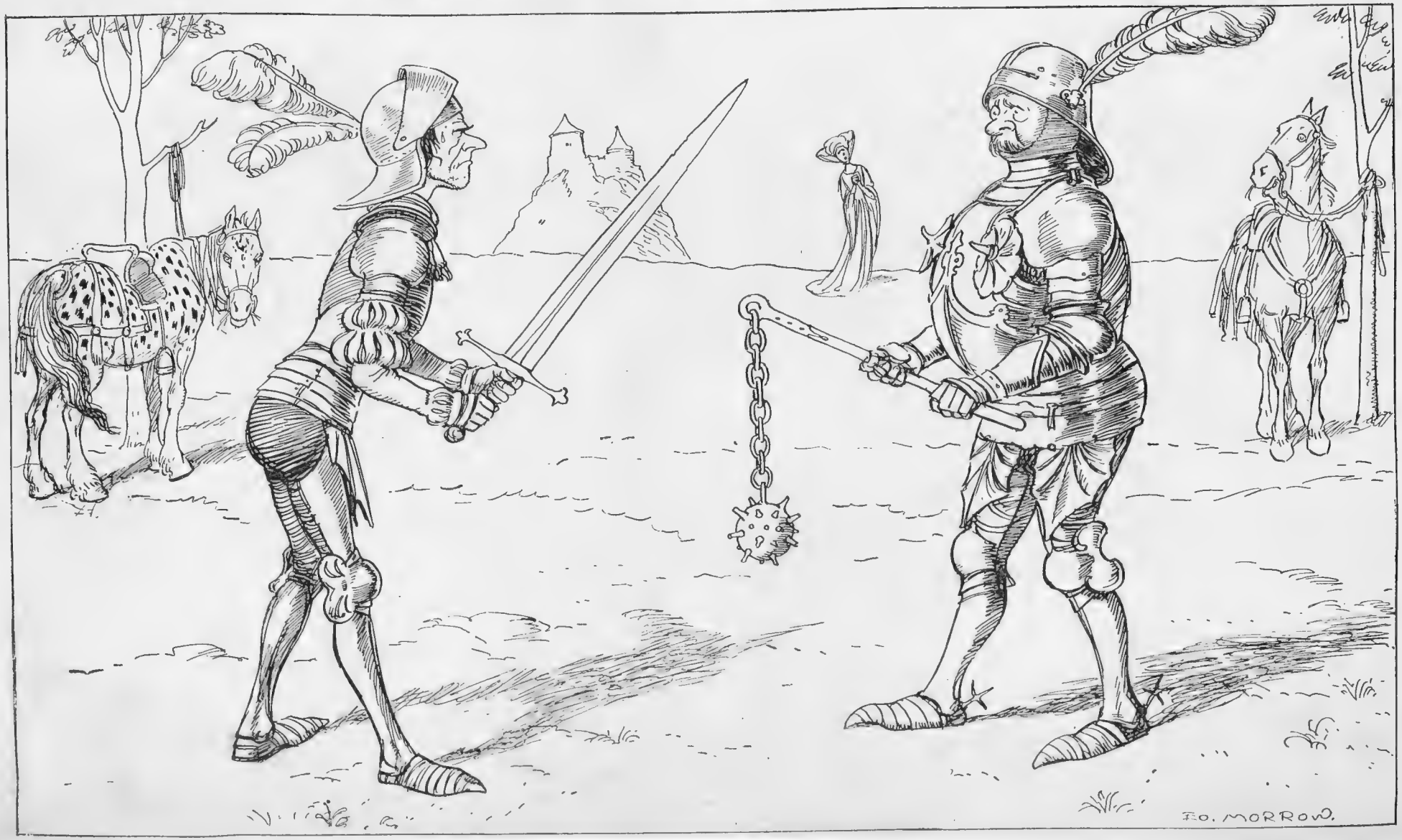
# Ye Sportsmen of Ye Dayes of Chivalrie

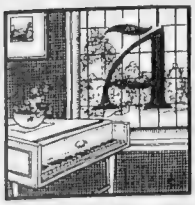



First Warrior: "I warn thee, Sir Knight, that I have here an enchanted sword, guaranteed to bite through any armour"
Second Warrior: "And I assure thee my armour is guaranteed, by mighty spells, to resist the blows of any weapon"
First Warrior: "Methinks (an we be not both liars) that thou hast the advantage. Let us swop armour and even up the chances"

BY GEO. MORROW

# Beauty and the Antique

BY "CURCULIO."



A PIECE of old glass was pointed out to me the other day by a gushing lady who invited me to join her in the admiration of its beauties. A common friend, who is not a respecter of other people's opinions, and who is profoundly ignorant upon all matters connected with the antique, anticipated me by denouncing the thing's ugliness. The lady looked at him, half in horror, half in pity.

"But it's a piece of beautiful old English glass," she informed him, whereupon he shrivelled up like a worm that has been salted.

And yet the man in his profound ignorance was right, and the lady in her little knowledge was wrong. The glass was unquestionably ugly. It was a clumsy, heavy drinking-vessel, with a thick, disproportionate stem, distinguished by a couple of air bubbles, and it must have been one of the rudest specimens of the glass-blower's art in the mid-Georgian period to which it belonged, and in which, no doubt, it graced the deal table of some rural pot-house.

This set me thinking, and I made a discovery. That lady's answer epitomises, when properly considered, the mental attitude of a very considerable section of the community towards the antique. No matter how offensive an article may be to one's æsthetic sense, if it was made a couple of hundred years or so ago, it assumes, in the eyes of the semi-informed, a sort of extrinsic beauty, which commends it to their praise and wonder.

The discovery that I made was the danger that so many people must incur when they attempt to furnish with antiques, through this inability—totally unsuspected, of course—to distinguish between the old that is really beautiful and the old that, to anyone not infatuated with sheer antiquity, is frankly diseous. Further pondering, the subject has led me to wonder whether this inability to discriminate is confined to purchasers, or whether, to a great extent, it may not be shared by dealers themselves. And the conclusion that I have come to is such as to make me impress upon intending purchasers of antiques the wisdom of placing themselves in the hands of a firm that has proved itself to be well above any such suspicion. I know of none more heartily to be recommended in this connection than that of Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher. Their experience was already generations old when John Bartholomew, seventy years ago, moved into their present premises at 217-218, Tottenham Court Road. The fruits of that experience, and of all that has since been added to it, is only to be appreciated by a visit to their establishment. These enthusiastic and experienced collectors are not of those who stock antiques merely because they are antiques. They are clever and supremely faithful reproducers of old designs, and there is no school better calculated than that of reproduction to educate a cabinet-maker's taste. This is instantly obvious to anyone entering their showrooms. These do not consist of just an array of antique furniture mostly commonplace, in spite of its antiquity, with here and there, perhaps, a piece that will make some appeal to the man with an æsthetic eye; they consist of a series of tasteful groups, almost any piece of which is worthy of being called a specimen, and fine artistic discrimination is what the intelligent cannot fail to perceive in the vast collection Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher are constantly able to show their patrons, at prices, be it noted, that compare favourably with those of any of their competitors.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# The Literary Log

## Rolled by Ralph Straus

**A Notorious Poisoner**

In the days of the alchemists many surprising things happened. There were poisons so dreadful that you were obliged to wear a glass mask when you distilled them. Apparently you distilled them as a matter of course; so many undesirable people were alive. It was only an accident if you did not poison at least one relation every other year. And you did not poison him all at once; that might have been dangerous. You made the acquaintance of distinguished chemists like Exili or Glaser, and procured powders which were to be taken three times a day (with food) for some months. Then the relation died, and you obtained his money. On the other hand, it was just possible that some one wanted your money, in which case you were particularly careful to keep cats and dogs as official tasters, and drank rather more milk than was agreeable. In this way you survived—unless you were beheaded like the execrable Marquise de Brinvilliers. That high-born lady lived in the seventeenth century, and did much for posterity by giving several hard-working authors, including Dumas, material for sensational romance. Her case attracted extraordinary attention at the time, and there were numerous documents concerned with her crimes, ready to be embroidered. And embroidered these documents were with a hearty goodwill, not only in France, but also in this country.

**A Seventeenth-Century Borgia**

It has been left to Mr. Hugh Stokes, however, to present in *Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times*, 1630-1676 (John Lane: 12s. 6d. net) a lengthy and detailed account of the Marquise's case as it really was. Now, I have an uneasy suspicion that Mr. Stokes would have better succeeded if he had attempted an historical novel with the Brinvilliers as his villainess. He might have worked in all the material which now fills the earlier chapters of his book and deals with "her times." And he would have escaped the inevitable criticism that the lady was hardly worth a full-dress biography of four hundred pages. I read every one of these pages, and quite involuntarily decided that I was reading a novel. Incidentally I learnt many remarkable things. I think I could now poison an unpopular cousin with comparative ease, although Mr. Stokes assumes that I shall not. "It is unfortunate," he says, "that the wicked people are generally more interesting than the good." Possibly they are—certainly they seem to be at the moment. And so Madame de Brinvilliers, who poisoned her father and her two brothers, and possibly other people besides, has her biography written. But she suffered for her crimes, and was duly executed, and her last hours are described in much detail. And so no one, I imagine, can complain. Mr. Stokes writes well, and his book, whether justified or not, is a careful account of a sensational case. Were it not for its size, we could put it in the shelf reserved for novels and romances. Technically, this would be wrong, but perhaps Mr. Stokes would forgive us.

**Thanks to Pett Ridge**

It is possible to read three-fourths of Pett Ridge's new novel, *Thanks to Sanderson* (Methuen: 6s.), without understanding the "point" of his book. But then Mr. Pett Ridge is one of those delightful writers who do not need a point. He fixes upon little groups of people who seem to have escaped the general notice, and tells you all about them. Sanderson is a railway inspector, with a wife and two children. Neither he nor his wife are particularly remarkable. He has a habit of playing harmless practical jokes; she has once been in service, and her grammar is faulty. And they never quarrel. But that faulty grammar of hers has something to do with the "point" of the book, which becomes only too clear in the last few pages. The two children dislike that faulty grammar; it jars upon their sensitive and carefully educated nerves. They want to get on, but with faulty grammar at home this is not easy. Winifred is a musician, who could obtain more and better paid engagements if she could give a better address to her agent. Alfred is a sharp lad, who is very soon earning as large a salary as his father's. But what can he do when his father is occasionally seen in a uniform? The children become more and more ashamed of their parents. They make their father resign from the railway, and compel their mother to move to rather more fashionable quarters. The fashionable quarters, however, do not improve the faulty grammar. There comes a positive estrangement, and the children go their own ways. Then the "point" of this admirable book becomes clear. It is all a question of parentage. Here the father and mother do everything in their power for the children, and the children repay by leaving them. It is all very sad, and all very true. But, although *Thanks to Sanderson* ends on a sad note, it is not altogether a sad book. There are delightful happenings in it. Sanderson himself is a splendid person, and you do not wonder that the railway people give him a handsome testimonial. "The world keeps going on," he says, when his children have left him. "Now and

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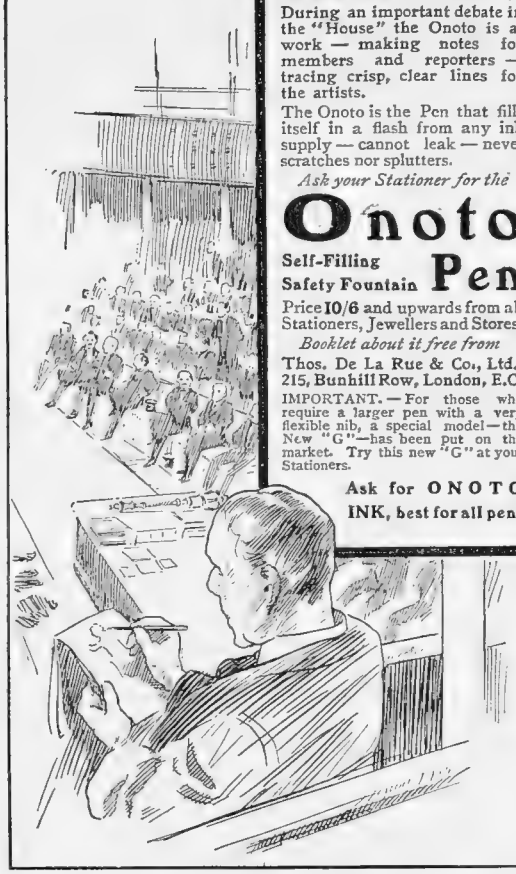

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A.D. 1415. Then, as Shakespeare has it, King Henry V, in his famous appeal to his troops before the battle of Agincourt, used the words "So-ap pears this fleet majestic." [*Vide* King Henry V, Act III—prologue].

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# The Latest Operatic Johnson

## MR. JOHN COATES IN "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

*Photograph* *Hana*

Mr. John Coates, one of our best English tenors, is now singing the role of Johnson in the Quinlan Opera Company's production of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West," produced for the first time in English at Liverpool last week. The Company has commenced a world tour, which will last a year and a half

(Continued from page 88)

then there's a sort of a jerk, and everything's altered." His wife thinks that it is rough on parents. Sanderson does not reply. "You've got to get your boots on, old girl," he remarks at last. One's sympathy is entirely with the parents—except when it is with the children.

**Magic Children**

In Mr. Edgar Jepson's latest book, *Pollyooly* (Mills and Boon: 6s.), there are half a dozen people whom one would like to meet. I myself should dearly love to go down to the Temple and be introduced to Mrs. Mary Bride, alias Pollyooly, an altogether distinguished person, aged twelve. At this tender age she is already the Honourable John Ruffin's housekeeper—a position of much dignity—and she grills bacon better than anyone else in the world. The Honourable John is a barrister with a philosophy and a love of well-grilled bacon and no money. Mrs. Bride—all housekeepers have to be Mrs.—defends him from scoundrelly moneylenders. She is lent to various people for various purposes. She plays matchmaker in Hyde Park and suffers the indignity of arrest. She exchanges places with a Duke's daughter. She goes on the stage to dance, and bangles and chocolates are showered upon her by admiring youths from Eton. Pollyooly's small head, however, is not turned, and she saves much money in order that she and her brother, the Lump, an authentic, but red-headed cherub, who has all the virtues and none of the vices of babyhood, may escape the workhouse. Finally, as is proper to a housekeeper, even if not quite thirteen, she becomes engaged to the Duke's nephew and heir (who, by the way, has a title which could not possibly be his). And so Pollyooly flourishes—and will flourish, I hope, through the pages of at least one more volume.

**The Idle Rich**

The methods of the American millionaire may be termed both extensive and peculiar. He seems so often to be at a loss how to spend his money. Occasionally he gives curious, and sometimes rather disgusting, dinner-parties—on horseback, on the first floor of a fashionable hotel temporarily converted into an artificial lake, or in a mine where once, perhaps, he has worked. It is all very wicked and degenerate, I suppose. Sensible people shrug their shoulders, or mildly remonstrate. A few raise their voices in the wilderness; no one seems to take very much notice. The case against ridiculous millionaires is very well put by Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin in *The Passing of the Idle Rich* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.). "I know Society," he writes. "I was born in it, and have lived in it all my life." A wealthy man himself, he has watched all this mad extravagance going on about him with something like disgust. A book of this kind is apt to be raucous, but Mr. Martin is restrained. And he is optimistic—too optimistic, I am afraid. He believes that the new generation is becoming alive to its responsibilities. It only needs a strong man to lead. A strong man, we know, can work wonders, and perhaps Mr. Martin is right. In any case, his book is worth reading; it is sincere and unbiased. RALPH STRAUS

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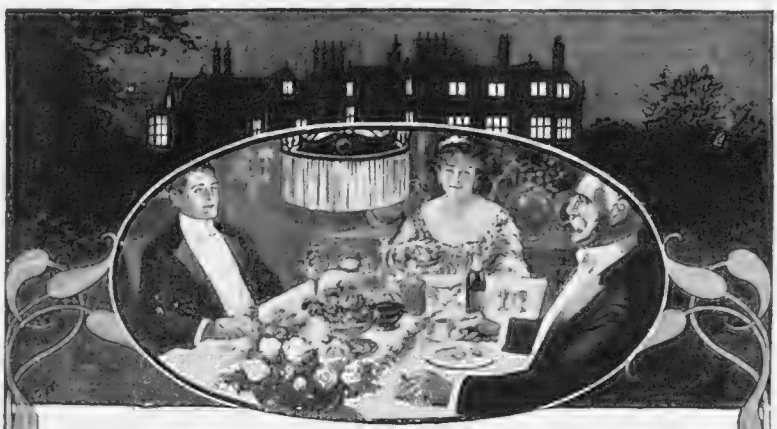

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## GOLF

**The Royal and Ancient Autumn Meeting**

The autumn meeting of the premier Club definitely marks the close of the amateur season, just as the *News of the World* Tournament, which will have been decided before this article appears, marks that of the professionals. The business meeting of the Club was uneventful this year, no changes being proposed in the rules, while the composition of the Rules Committee remains unaltered, as Mr. Colt, Mr. Cunningham, and Mr. W. E. Fairlie were re-elected to the positions they already held. A welcome explanation was given by the Chairman of that body of the expressions attributed to him by Mr. Strawn, President of the United States Golf Association, in the now famous interview. I felt perfectly sure that Mr. Strawn had misunderstood Captain Burn, and it is good to have this fact authoritatively stated. All that Captain Burn meant was that the Royal and Ancient Club had never attempted to force the rules promulgated by them on any other club. The original necessity for this statement is difficult to perceive, as all golfers know that the hegemony of St. Andrews rests not on assertion, but on assent. As a matter of fact, the St. Andrews code has been adopted by all clubs without exception, and through their Rules Committee the Club administers and interprets that code. There was a time, many years ago, when more than one code was in existence, but that time is long past, and golfers have gladly acquiesced in the position of St. Andrews as the sole law-giver in golf.

**The Winner of the Golf Medal**

Now let me turn to the playing side of the meeting. The weather on the Medal Days, and on the subsequent day, when the tie for the "Glennie" Medal was played off, seems to have been anything but pleasant. The winner of the King William IV. Medal was that sound and excellent golfer, Mr. Walter Blackwell, who, if not so famous as his brothers, is just as fine a player as any of them on his day. His 80 was the result of most steady and consistent golf under trying conditions. It was at first thought that the Gold Medal had been tied for by Mr. Guy Campbell and Captain Hutchison with scores of 83, but it turned out that there was a mistake in Captain Hutchison's card, and he had perforce to be disqualified, This gave the medal to Mr. Campbell without further parley, and left him to fight out the destination of the "Glennie" Medal with Mr. Blackwell, their aggregate for the spring and autumn meetings being 165 each. The tie was won handsomely by Mr. Campbell, who returned another 83, beating Mr. Blackwell by five strokes. In both of his rounds Mr. Campbell unfortunately came to grief at the twelfth hole, which cost him a seven on the Medal Day and an eight in the tie, and constituted practically the only blemish in either score. Mr. Campbell has done exceptionally well to win the "Glennie" Medal twice in succession, and as he also won the Spring Medal this year, he may look with justifiable pride on his record in the Club competitions.

ERNEST LEHMANN

## LAWN TENNIS

**A New Departure**

Towards the end of this month the Covered Courts Club at Dulwich will hold a tournament, at which an experiment quite new to this country will be made. Some of the events will be played off by artificial light. Perhaps I ought not to call it an experiment, for the experimenting, I am told, has already been done and done so successfully that the addition of an "evening bill" to the programme has been made without any apprehension whatever as to its catching on. I shal

*Photograph* AERIAL POSTMAN ON THE LINKS [*Dixon*

**Mr. Hamel, who is here seen about to land on the fifth green at Bushey Hall Golf Club, will be remembered as one of the Flying Postmen who carried the mails from Brooklands to Windsor, and "struck" until a confrère had received compensation for injury while carrying the mail**

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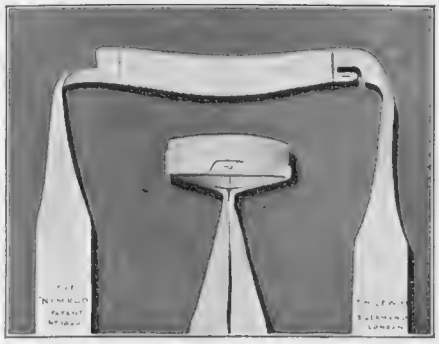

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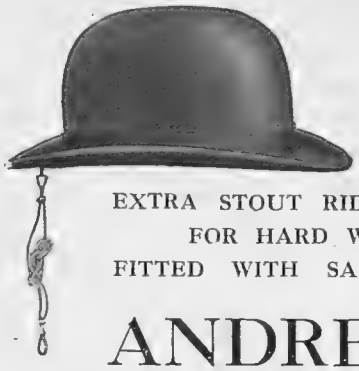

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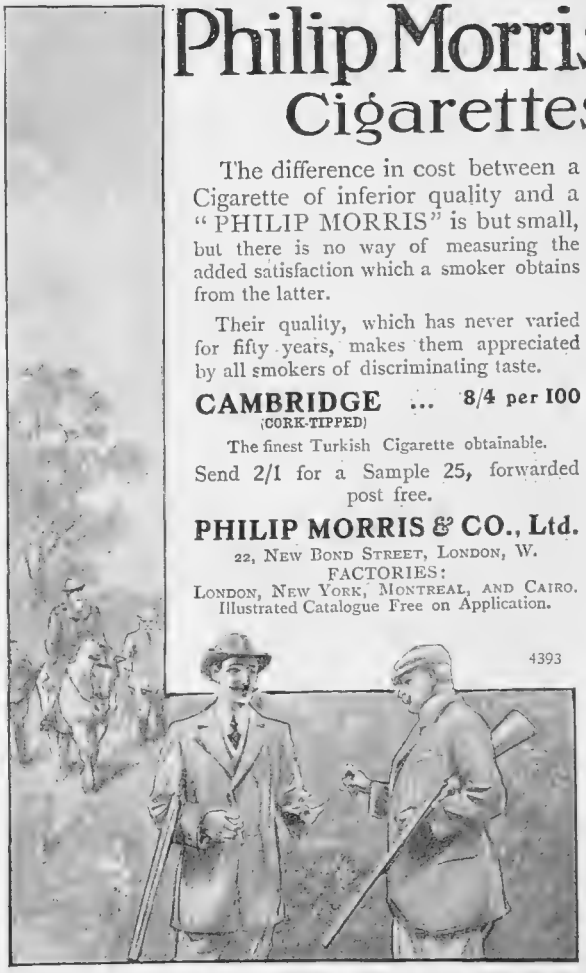

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follow the progress of this tournament with very great interest, for if it succeeds it will mean that lawn tennis is within reach of the business man all the year round. It will also mean that covered courts can be made to pay their way. Hitherto the bar to the erection of covered courts has been that their earning capacity when limited to the hours of daylight is not great enough. If that earning capacity can be nearly doubled by means of artificial light, we shall soon have plenty of covered courts all over the country. There are players enough to fill them—after business hours.

HARROVIANS, OLD AND YOUNG, AT PLAY

Founder's Day was celebrated at Harrow last Thursday, and in the match between the School Eleven and Mr. C. Kemp's Eleven the Old Harrovians won by five goals to two. The school team consisted of C. H. Blount, C. R. Weekes, Hon. K. Stuart, T. G. Hanson, U. W. Dickenson, R. V. Dallas, C. H. Kindersley, G. E. Oakes, L. W. Lloyd, T. Stirling, and W. Wrigley. While the Old Harrovians were represented by Sir Harry Verney, G. E. Earle, N. A. Jarvis, G. H. Morrison, R. E. Morrison, O. W. Sichel, E. C. Lapage, L. A. de Gough, G. Lawson Lewis, T. L. G. Turnbull and K. G. de Jongh

### Happy Dulwich

The courts at Dulwich are probably the finest of their kind in the world. The surface because of its newness is a trifle slow, but that will soon be a thing of the past, when the courts, three in number, have had a little more wear and tear. The building is perfectly designed and the loftiest lobbing may be indulged in without much risk of hitting one of the roof girders. The walls of the huge ambulacrum have been painted with a preparation which throws back no glare, and altogether the game may be enjoyed under ideal conditions. There is a good gallery for spectators, and the meeting arranged for Monday, October 23, and following days, should attract many enthusiasts, including, as it does, the contest for the Covered Courts International Championship.


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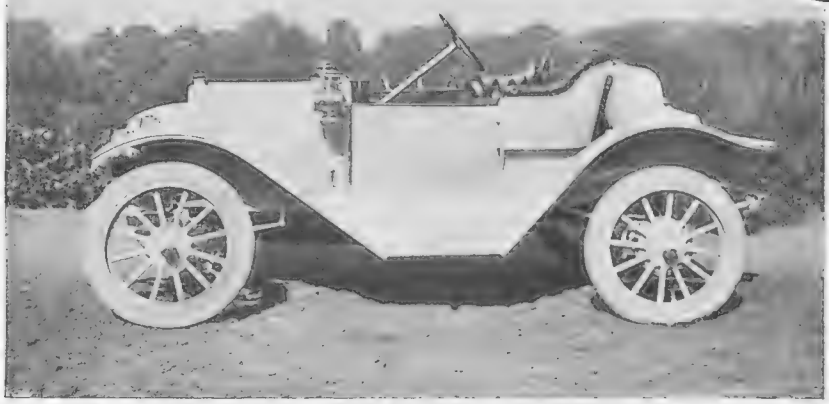

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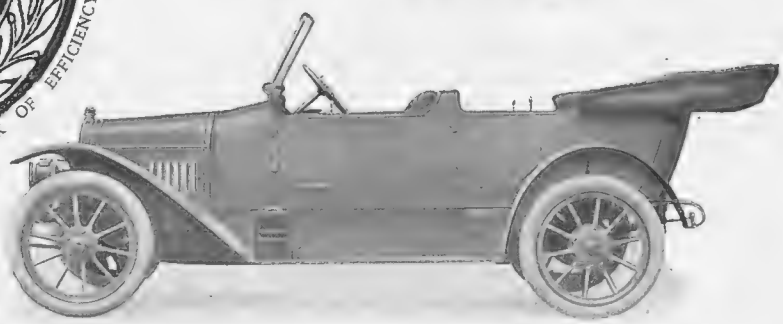

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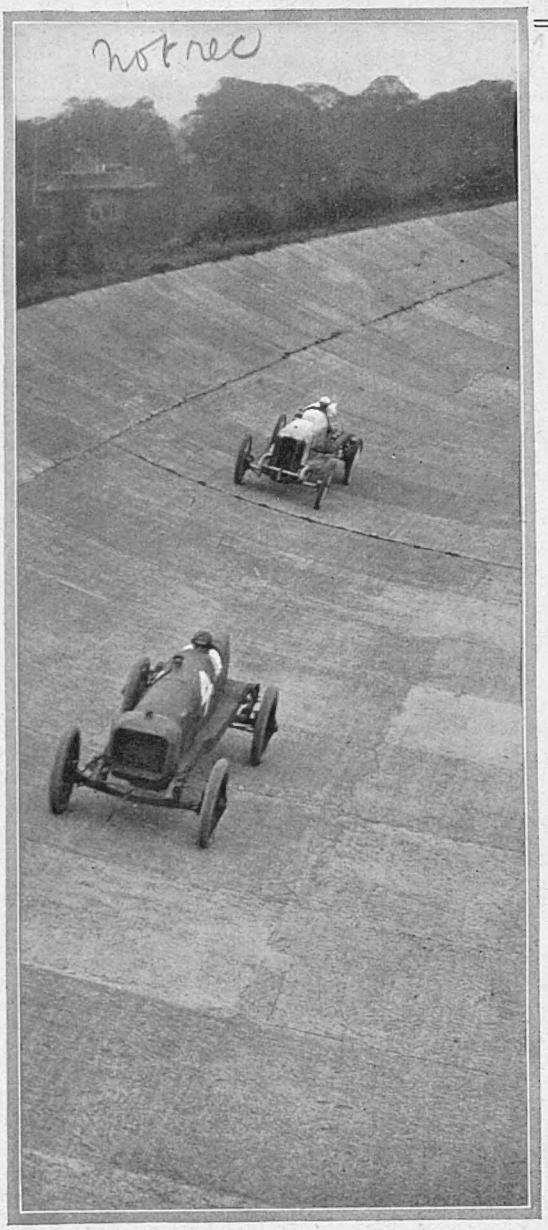
# MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

### Road Anarchy

A FEW more cases such as that brought by the Automobile Association before the Highgate Bench the other day (this is fourth down to the credit of the A.A.) and we shall have removed one considerable factor in road anarchy. The horse-driver has, generally, a sufficiently large sense of order to understand that faster vehicles must pass him, and to make way. He is sometimes most ungracious about it, and moves with irritating deliberation. But some of his kind take a malicious pleasure out of the knowledge that they are holding up a motorist. I have met that entirely objectionable person more often than even a naturally benevolent disposition can tolerate. I understand the feeling at the bottom of the action, and have some sympathy with it. It has several contributory causes, mostly operating sub-consciously. The horse vehicle has been lord of the road from time immemorial. Its owner or driver does not like to be dethroned. He does not yet appreciate the fact that it has been dethroned in law, and can, although moving, still cause an illegal obstruction. There is the other impression bred of earlier days in motoring (and very often, then, having good ground for its existence) when the motorist was popularly held to be a purse-proud plutocrat, who drove without consideration for other road-users, and with a great inflation of the ego which led him to imagine entirely vain things, such as that he was a minor god in the car (although he never emphasised the minor), with the rest of creation rather microscopical black beetles. The sense of resentment against him was a real thing.



THE BROOKLANDS OCTOBER MEETING

Bayliss and Coatalen in the 15.9 Rating Standard Car Race last Wednesday. Coatalen was the winner, while Bayliss finished second. Both cars were Sunbeams. Coatalen's time was 51min. 31⅘sec. for the fifty miles, a speed of 58¼ m.p.h.

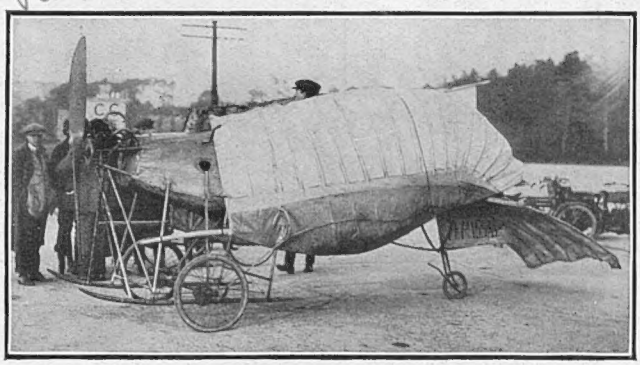
### A Short Way With Obstructionists

Moreover, there was the soul pain of being passed. The cyclist suffers from this in an acute form. So do I in, perhaps, a lesser degree when my little car is left standing by a car of greater power. But I have to make way. The cyclist must make way. And the carter must make way also. If we do not, we cause an obstruction. And although our free and independent British brains are in screaming protest, and we are in the dust of humility as well as the dust of the passing car, we must not allow the old Adam to lead us into temptation. Besides, it is not decent. We begin to appreciate just how indecent it is when we have the faster car and the man in front keeps the crown of the road. We agree that that sort of thing cannot be tolerated, and, curiously enough, we find the law agreeing with us. Provided we are not exceeding the legal limit, or driving to the common danger, we have a right to pass. Most road-users understand that to-day. But there are some who either do not understand, or rely upon the anti-motorist sentiment still strong upon some magisterial benches to get them free of the rare prosecutions which the impeded motorist may bring. The successful charges which the Automobile Association have brought will soon percolate into the understanding of the still ignorant, and give the already enlightened but still stiff-necked obstructionist pause. In either case the effect is all to the good, and certainly in the interest of all classes of road-users.

### Trophies of Turin

If the other sections of British industry represented at the International Exhibition of Turin have emerged from the scrutiny of the judges as well as the British motor and cycle section, they have cause for much rejoicing. So far as I can discover, every exhibitor has gained official recognition, and the medal or certificate of varying degrees of commendation

for his goods—if I except the exhibits of Messrs. Mulliner and Brampton, which, because these gentlemen were on the jury, were *hors de concours*. Humbers have done particularly well, the only firm to score the highest possible—a Grand Prix for motor-cars, cycles, and motor-cycles. I do not remember an exhibition where British products effected so clean a sweep. I remember several where anti-British bias manifested itself in the awards. Let us plume ourselves, therefore, with becoming modesty, of course, upon the excellent showing we have made with our own vehicles and parts in the very stronghold of some of the best exponents of Continental automobile practice. Nor should we omit a word of congratulation to Mr. W. Geo. Williams, who organised the section and staged and "mothered" it in a manner that could not have been bettered. Mr. Williams himself receives the well-deserved recognition of a *diplome d'honneur*.



A CURIOUS AERIAL CRAFT

An interesting aeroplane named "Sea Gull," which can be driven along the roadway under its own power, and put into action for flight in five minutes

### In Compression

THE BYSTANDER will deal with the forthcoming Motor Show at Olympia with its usual comprehensiveness. Special supplements, extensively illustrated, will be devoted to detailed descriptions of all exhibits of interest and importance. The motoring editor would greatly appreciate the early receipt of full particulars of the cars and accessories which are to be shown. So far as possible all these will be examined before the Exhibition opens. Photographs intended for publication should be sent along with the least possible delay.

Daimlers, ever alert, have issued a well-designed and illustrated booklet dealing primarily with this famous car at the Delhi Durbar, but containing in addition much information of historic interest, the full programme of the proceedings, and some valuable particulars of how to get there and thereabouts by road or rail. "Daimlers at the Delhi Durbar" is worth sending for, whether the trip out is contemplated or not.

### Miss Tittell-Brune at the Coronet

On Monday Miss Tittell-Brune commenced her second week at the Coronet Theatre, appearing in Temple Thurston's play, *Sally Bishop*, dramatised from his successful novel. Miss Tittell-Brune uses the Prince of Wales's Theatre production, and is supported by Miss Winifred Harris, Miss Kitty Kirwen, Mr. Leon M. Lion, Mr. Charles Escort, and Mr. H. Laurence Leyton. At the Broadway, New Cross, *The Quaker Girl*, still running at the Adelphi, is sure of a welcome.

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# RACING NOTIONS

## THE CESAREWITCH

By CARBINE

*Photograph* *Rouch*

**The Favourite for the Cesarewitch**

Also Carbine's selection for to-day's big race at Newmarket—Mirador, the property of Mr. Waldorf Astor

**The Duke of York Stakes**

YOU wanted to be well in luck to enjoy the racing at Kempton Park on Saturday. Incessant rain does not contribute to one's comfort, and when, in addition, your "good things" one after the other fail to materialise you begin to wish you had stayed comfortably in town and read all about it on the tape. The victory of Trepida in the Duke of York Stakes was a nasty knock to the general public, for though she was strongly fancied by those connected with her stable, the lead they gave in the market was not generally followed. People refused to believe that this filly, who had not been in public since last April, would be good enough to beat such old favourites as Mustapha and Wolfe Land, so after being at one time second favourite Trepida gradually went out until you could have got 8's about her at the last. It was a good old-fashioned *coup*, and I expect that Fallon and his patrons and friends "packed up a parcel," as they say in the ring. In spite of her heavy penalty she may prove to be the best of her stable in the Cambridgeshire.

**The Big Newmarket Race**

Now is the time for last words on the Cesarewitch. Without attempting to wade through the whole handicap, let me pick out a few horses who may be expected to be conspicuous. Willonyx is a grand sort, but I think he is slightly overweighted. Manton's best, I imagine, will be Mirador or Papavero, but there is no real certainty about this. I picked out Mirador as a leniently treated candidate when the weights came out, and there seems to be no reason why I should swerve from that opinion. Wootton will have to carry overweight to ride him, but such a jockey is well worth it. Martingale II. was another of my original favourites, and if she is well on the day of the race she will certainly stay the course. I expect to see Clarenceux run prominently, and among the lightweights Bryony is as likely as any to bring off a surprise. My selection must be **Mirador**, and I expect Martingale II. and Papavero to prove the next best.

**Other Selections**

There will be many other attractive races at Newmarket this week, including the Middle Park Plate on Friday. Lomond will be absent, but the race is extremely interesting all the same. Mr. J. B. Joel may win it with **White Star** or **Absurd**. On Wednesday **Whisk Broom** may secure the Select Stakes, and on the following day **Protestant Boy** the Heath Plate and **Aiglon** the Prendergast Stakes. Visitors to Lingfield Park on Saturday may find in **Merry Task** the winner of the Pheasant Handicap.

"Ye Hatterie."

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